

Periodical C
APRIL 15, 1944

AMERICA

CHINA

THE CHURCH'S POSTWAR ROLE

Bishop Paul Yu-pin

AMERICA

THE COURTS AND THE POPES

Benjamin L. Masse

POLAND

CATHOLICS PREPARE TO HELP

Sister Mary, I.H.M.

TEXAS

THE WHITE PRIMARY FAILS

George K. Hunton

EVERYWHERE

THINGS THAT DO NOT MATTER

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W. EUGENE SHIELS, CHARLES KEENAN, JOHN P. DELANEY*

*Contributing Editors: WILFRID PARSONS, ROBERT A. GRAHAM
Editorial Office: 329 W. 108th Street, New York City 25*

*President, America Press: FRANCIS X. TALBOT Pres.: JOSEPH A. LENNON
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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 15, 1944

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WHO'S WHO

MOST REV. PAUL YU-PIN, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, in his earlier article, in *AMERICA* of July 3, 1943—on the understanding of Chinese history and tradition needed by Americans who wish to help restore postwar China—roused much interest and brought many inquiries. The present discussion deals with the same need of understanding as related to postwar mission work in China. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE presents the third in his series of four articles on the Papal social Encyclicals vs. Economic Liberalism. . . . JOHN LOUIS BONN, former Professor of the Philosophy of Literature at Boston College, continues his confession of faith in "the things that do not matter." Father Bonn is now a Naval Chaplain, at present on duty at Ottumwa, Ia. . . . SISTER MARY, I.H.M., is Director of the Marygrove College Pre-School (Detroit) and Professor of Psychology at Marygrove College. The training of Polish-American workers for rehabilitation of postwar Poland, of which she writes, may have special interest for other American nationality groups. . . . GEORGE K. HUNTON, who discusses the Supreme Court decision on the Texas primaries, is editor of the *Interracial Review* and Executive Secretary of the Catholic Interracial Council. Mr. Hunton graduated from Holy Cross College and is a member of the New York Bar. . . . KATHERINE BURTON, well known for her books, the latest of which was *Mother Butler of Marymount* (Macmillan), gives us a little spot of autobiography. Her introduction to the Jesuits proved to be an introduction to the Church.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Bataan Anniversary. On April 9 of this year, the Government of the Philippine Commonwealth observed the second anniversary of the fall of Bataan. The event was commemorated as a day of prayer in memory of the thousands of Filipino and American soldiers who died on Bataan for the defense of their country. By a happy coincidence, April 9 this year fell on Easter Sunday, the Day of the Resurrection. The officers of that Government expressed the fervent plea to American Catholics that these, too, would join with them in prayer: prayer for the American and Filipino soldiers who died there, for those who are suffering in enemy prison camps, as well as for those who are keeping alive the spirit of resistance in the Philippines: prayer, too, that God will hasten the day of resurrection for the only Catholic nation of the Far East.

Publicity for Peace. One feature of the Papal program for peace has not always been as prominent as might have been expected in the thought of American Catholics on postwar settlement. This is the "demand for international cooperation through juridical institutions which will enable every State to take its place and discharge its duty in the family of nations." Such was the reminder given by Archbishop Mooney, of Detroit, in his sermon preached in the Detroit Cathedral on the fifth anniversary of the coronation of our Holy Father. The Archbishop emphasized not only the need but also the most effective, practical way of giving wide publicity to the Papal peace principles, in the following words:

Each one of us may ask himself if he is doing his part to keep the Pope's principles for peace before the minds of those whom he is in a position to influence. In support of these principles the Pope has appealed not only to those who look to him as the shepherd of their souls, but to all men who recognize the sovereignty of God and the moral law which comes from God. Last October men of authority in widely differing American religious groups, with impressive accord, gave wide publicity to a pattern for peace which in its every line is in fundamental agreement with the ideas and ideals of the Pope. I commend this statement for study and discussion in our schools and colleges, in meetings of our Catholic societies and in every forum through which public opinion may be enlightened.

Undoubtedly the Archbishop's words will lend added impetus to the rapidly growing movement to publicize the Seven Point Pattern for Peace. This growth is witnessed to, among other things, by the recent joint activities in Syracuse, Gary, San Antonio, to which, we understand, Toledo will shortly be joined.

Hercules' Return. "Ercole," the Italians call him, Palmino Tagliatti, formerly secretary of the Communist Party in Italy. Ercole has recently returned

from eighteen years of exile in Moscow, and seems to be taking up where he left off. Apparently Italian Communists unhesitatingly accept his leadership. Apparently, too, he has brought orders from Moscow, for immediately upon his arrival the Communists in Italy abandoned their demands for the King's abdication and Badoglio's removal, and swung into a line of action more in keeping with Russia's diplomatic acceptance of the Badoglio regime. The King, they have decided, is "not a person, but an institution," and they have no intention of changing institutions until after the war. Badoglio is evidently a necessary evil tolerated by Stalin and hence to be tolerated by Italian Communists. Their program calls for a union in government of all anti-Fascist parties "whatever their political, social and religious convictions or faith"—a program slightly redolent of the ancient "United Front" recently resurrected for Communist propagandists throughout the world. Count Carlo Sforza seems little impressed by the new Communist maneuver, and still refuses to take part in any government that recognizes Badoglio. The main point of interest in the news is the very clear indication that, Comintern or no Comintern, Stalin still directs his Communist comrades in other countries.

Resignation. This conclusion is bolstered by the startling resignation of a Soviet official from the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington. True, Mr. Kravchenko may be just a disgruntled gentleman. He will be called more than that before his former friends get through with him. Nevertheless, he has held government positions in Russia, and his statement should be studied with care. He has resigned, he says, because he "can no longer support the double-faced political maneuvers directed at one and the same time toward collaboration with the United States and Britain, while pursuing aims incompatible with such collaboration." A very casual glance at the world scene and at Soviet activities in the last few months seems to bear out the truth of the resigning officer's statement: "The new democratic terminology being utilized by Moscow is only a maneuver." Many observers have harbored the same suspicions, even among those most favorable to collaboration with Russia, but for the sake of that very important collaboration have hesitated to voice their suspicions. Mr. Kravchenko is only seven months out of Russia, and he should know whereof he speaks when he reports that "the Russian people are subjected, as before, to unspeakable oppression and cruelties . . . they have had from their leaders only lip service to elementary political liberties." Of the dissolution of the Comintern, he bluntly states: "The Comintern continues to function, but by dif-

ferent methods and in other forms." These statements are all unpleasant, to some disillusioning, to all discouraging, but we have nothing to gain by an unwillingness to face unpleasant realities.

Rumania. On the other side of the picture is the almost pathetic eagerness with which commentators in England and America have seized on Molotov's Rumanian pledge. As Soviet troops plunged into Rumania, Russia's Foreign Commissar gave his pledge that Russia came not as an invader but as a liberator, that Russia sought no territorial gains in Rumania, nor even a change in that country's social and economic structure. He furthermore gave official voice to Russia's firm intention to "pursue the enemy until he has been routed and has capitulated." That determination puts at rest the fears of those who claimed that Russia would drive the Germans out of Soviet territory and then relax. Evidently the Russians intend to carry on the fight to the destruction of the German military machine. In Rumania the Soviet Army finds itself for the first time in territory that is neither Russian nor Russian-claimed. Hence Russia's clear disavowal of territorial or social ambitions is more than welcome. The eagerness with which commentators seized upon it, gave full credence to it, headlined it, should be proof enough to Russia and all the friends of Russia that England and the United States sincerely desire to collaborate to the full, in friendliness and trust, with Russia. If collaboration fails, it will fail, not because of our unwillingness to go more than half way, but because Stalin's actions will be out of line with Stalin's professions. Most earnestly, we hope and pray they will not be.

Profits and Production. The 1943 report of the Aluminum Company of America (Alcoa), which was made public within the fortnight, illustrates once again one of the most important business lessons to be learned from the war. In 1942, Alcoa paid a dividend of \$5.93 on each share of common stock outstanding. This year, despite price reductions amounting to \$130,000,000 and a huge increase in taxes which brought total tax payments to \$116,088,670, the company boosted its common-stock dividend to \$7.95 a share. Its 1943 net income of \$42,901,570 was more than \$9 million ahead of the 1942 figure. In other words, despite higher costs and lower unit profit margins, Alcoa was able to report higher total earnings. The explanation for this seemingly contradictory development lies, of course, in the tremendous increase in the volume of production. The 1943 sales, in tonnage, were 67 per cent over 1942 figures. Alcoa made less profit in 1943 on each unit, but produced so many more units that aggregate earnings exceeded those of 1942. The story of the Aluminum Company of America has been repeated many times during the past three years. It is the story of prosperity which results from large sales and low unit profit margins. By all rules of logic, this ought to persuade business leaders to abandon old theories of restricted production at high unit profit margins for an economy of abundance and full production.

Reversal in Texas. A scant two months after he had sharply rebuked the Supreme Court's tendency to reverse itself, Mr. Justice Roberts—this time a lone dissenter—had again cause for grievance, as the Court handed down an opinion condemning the Texas "white primary." One must indeed deplore vacillation in the decisions of our highest tribunal; but that is an argument, not so much for the Court's adhering to its previous decisions, right or wrong, as for its getting the decision right the first time. The Constitution is not so clear, nor the judges so wise, as to remove human fallibility from the Court's workings. As Charles Beard, in the *National Lawyers Guild Quarterly* (Dec., 1937), has pointed out concerning interpretation of law:

Each act of constitutional interpretation is the act of an individual personality, at a given moment or hour in time, and the so-called collective act of interpretation is merely a temporary coherence of enough individual justices to constitute a majority for the decision. For another active interpretation, at another date, and even on the same law . . . there may be and often is a dissolution and recoherence of judicial forces.

Justice Roberts himself seems to have been involved in a dissolution and recoherence between March, 1936, when he helped to invalidate a State wages and hours act, and June, 1937, when he reversed his stand. Given the far-reaching effect of many of the Supreme Court's decisions, consistency is by all means to be sought for; but consistency would be too dearly bought at the price of persistence in error.

Shaping the Future. With Senator George and Matthew Woll, Chairman of the A. F. of L's Committee on Postwar Planning, as the first witnesses, hearings began last week in Washington on two bills designed to coordinate postwar planning under broad policies determined by Congress. The first bill, which is jointly sponsored by Senators George and Murray, calls for the creation of an Office of Demobilization under the existing Office of War Mobilization. As soon as the shooting stops, this subordination would end and the Office of Demobilization would become supreme. The other bill, proposed by Senator Kilgore, would set up a single Office of War Mobilization and Adjustment which would supplant the present OWM and coordinate all war and postwar activities. With the general objectives of these bills, namely, coordination under Congressional direction, there can be little disagreement. As Senator Murray has pointed out, failure to coordinate production and manpower mobilization early in the war effort created problems which have not yet been satisfactorily solved. A similar failure in planning the transition to peacetime production will have equally disturbing consequences. The reason for providing that Congress establish general policies is obvious. Since these policies are going to determine the future of America and affect all the people, they ought to be the responsibility of their elected representatives. The two bills, however, would be much improved by providing in some way for the active participation of our organized economic groups in the policy-making function. Otherwise they are

sure to work as pressure blocs and bedevil the whole postwar program.

Exeunt Marx and Engels. If further evidence is needed to substantiate the growing conviction that orthodox Communism has been jettisoned by the present masters of Soviet Russia, it can be found in the current issue of the Marxist quarterly, *Science and Society*. This transmission belt of the official Soviet *Weltanschauung* carries a digest of an authoritative and sensational article which appeared recently in *Pod Znamenem Marxizma* (Under the Banner of Marxism), a Russian journal edited by leading Soviet economists. Making no concessions to the tender feelings of orthodox Marxists, the editors assert in a signed statement that "it would be naive and pedantic to think that Marx and Engels could foresee and prescribe the concrete practical way of administering the law of value in the interests of Socialism." Whereupon they proceed to demonstrate their freedom from pedantry and their knowledge of the facts of economic life by embracing piece-work wages, differential wage scales based on efficiency, differences of income between workers and peasants, market competition, market prices and several other theories of classical capitalism. Soviet teachers of economics are warned not to begin the study of their specialty with the analysis of commodity production under the capitalistic system—the basis on which Karl Marx erected his theory of "surplus value," together with his whole revolutionary gospel on the exploitation of the proletariat. While this denial of traditional Communist teaching will shock confirmed believers in Marxist economics the world over, it is merely a belated recognition of the incompatibility of Soviet State Capitalism and the theories of Karl Marx.

English Miners. It is evident from English news reprints that American workers are not the only ones who express dissatisfaction with wartime wage scales. English miners, out on strike for the greater part of this past month, have cost the country, according to a London dispatch to the *New York Times*, two million tons of coal. We have no way of knowing how the English press has treated the strikers—whether or not they have been condemned as disloyal, Fascists, Nazis, traitors and whatnot. What we do know is peculiarly interesting—that a Conservative reform committee, composed of fifty Conservative members of Parliament, proposed a national policy for coal, guaranteeing to the miners a minimum annual wage based on a 37½-hour week. Evidently they are considering the problem not only as a war problem, but as a permanent social problem. The miners and the English people as a whole seem anxious to find a solution that will take away from many mining communities the stigma of "depressed areas." The solution proposed is far from an easy one. The guarantee of an annual wage is a hard challenge to the best planning in industry, but it is the only basis, in the long run, on which to achieve justice together with efficiency and security.

UNDERSCORINGS

HIS HOLINESS, Pope Pius XII, has expressed heartfelt sympathy for the people of Berlin, in a letter to the Most Rev. Conrad Count von Preysing, Bishop of Berlin. The Holy Father recalled his former station in "the beloved Diocese of Berlin . . . with a particular warmth," and spoke of the close ties which bound him to the city. His letter was made part of a pastoral by Bishop von Preysing and was reportedly read over the German radio.

► An important decree of the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, dated on April 1 and ordered to be published by the Holy Father, has been released by the N.C.W.C. News Service. It states that the opinion of certain persons who of late denied the primary end of marriage to be the generation and education of children, or taught that the secondary ends of marriage are not essentially subordinated to the primary end but are equally principal and independent, cannot be admitted.

► Speaking in Cincinnati during the Silver Jubilee Celebration of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, Most Rev. Frank A. Thill, Bishop of Concordia, said that Christian life will rebuild the war-torn world when hostilities cease. "The most notable contributions to the establishment of permanent peace and order will be made not by those who plot the new air routes," he said, "nor by those whose main interest in the globe and maps is to check spots for raw materials and profitable exchanges." He insisted that "the real work will be done by the followers of Christ who recognize Him in the least of their brethren and try honestly to love their neighbors, whether across the street or at the Antipodes, for His sake, and as much as they love themselves." *Religious News Service* quotes his remark: "Above all, the Church has already suffered great damage and almost irreparable harm in her foreign missions."

► On the future of the missions, Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston and director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese, declares in his new book, *The Mission in War and in Peace*, that the end of this war may "usher in an era of Catholic growth unprecedented in magnitude and grace." "In all the mission areas," he writes, "the Catholic faith has stood the supreme test. In every land, without exception, Catholic missionaries have kept faith with their people. Common people and rulers alike have been deeply moved by their example."

► Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward B. Jordan, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America, asks for constant vigil against a Federal Subsidy for education, in his new pamphlet on *Federal Aid for Education*, issued by the NCWC.

► Norway will henceforth have two Prefectures Apostolic for the Church among her people, that of Northern Norway and the newly established Prefecture of Central Norway, served by the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. These are in addition to the Oslo Vicariate.

THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the week ending April 3, the Russians have made further advances. They have almost cleared the Germans out of the Ukraine.

Yet the Russian progress is not uniform. Of the three army groups engaged in the present great offensive, the First, on the north, has been held along the borders of Poland.

The Second, in the center, has made considerable advances, and is now at the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, on the frontier of Hungary. These mountains are not so high, but they are extremely rough. It is doubtful whether the Russians will try to force a way over them.

The Third Russian Army Group is in the south Ukraine. It is advancing steadily westward, just north of the Black Sea, and is approaching Odessa. This city is the last important one held by the Germans in south Russia.

This Russian force is nearly 200 miles back of their Second Army Group. To catch up it will be necessary for them to advance as far as the mouth of the Danube River. Apparently this is exactly what they are trying to do. At date of writing the Germans are withdrawing at the rate of about ten miles a day.

In north Russia, very severe fighting has occurred. In this sector the German lines have held everywhere. There are indications that Russia is reinforcing her troops in the north with a view to increasing her efforts to drive the Germans out of White Russia and the Baltic States.

In western Europe the air war against German cities and German installations in France and the Low Countries has been intensified.

German cities are being destroyed and damage is being done to German industry. So far the German army has shown no signs of lacking ammunition, weapons or supplies. How much this may be due to stocks previously accumulated, nobody knows. There are numerous reports that the air war is causing an increasing bitterness and feeling of hatred in Germany and some other countries associated with, or occupied by, Germany.

The war in Italy is inactive. Neither side is engaged on anything important. The Allied attack on Cassino has been temporarily discontinued. The Germans have even recovered a part of that small village which they lost following the unprecedented bombing of March 15.

On the Burma frontier, the Japanese have made some progress in their invasion of Manipur. General Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief in India—but not in Manipur—has stated in a public speech that the British have no intention of withdrawing from Imphal, the capital of Manipur. This city, which is an overgrown village of about 75,000 people, is almost in the center of the state.

The commander where the fighting is going on is Lord Louis Mountbatten. Neither the number of the British forces opposing the Japs nor the strength of the latter has been divulged. Without this information the importance of the Japanese move can not yet be correctly evaluated.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

CONGRESS is in Easter recess (unlike most college professors) and its members no doubt have been industriously canvassing opinion at home. Among the home folks they see will certainly be the editors and publishers of their local newspapers. And one of the things the newsmen will tell them will be their dissatisfaction with the way war news is handled. The blast against this by Palmer Hoyt, former OWI official, and a newsmen himself, was clearly timed to give the editors some ammunition.

Mr. Hoyt, it will be recalled, called on Congress for an investigation of the whole matter of news handling. All the newspapers got that speech. But the Army was not asleep. Major-General A. D. Surles, director of Army public relations, wrote a letter to the editor of the Kansas City *Star* defending his record in three specific instances, from which he drew certain general conclusions. The same day, Brigadier-General Robert L. Denig, who holds the same post for the Marines, gave the A.P. his own version of the same defense. The Navy, the "silent service," disdained to join in the general melee, but the Navy's boss, Colonel Knox, owns a not-inconsiderable newspaper himself, and maybe the Navy feels safe in his hands.

The cause of all this give-and-take is not so much regret and recrimination over the past, as the fact that we are on the eve of perhaps the biggest news story of the century—the invasion of Europe—and the newspapers want to wring out of it the last measure of dramatic news value. Newspapers live on the unusual and startling—only that is news in the minds of most editors (man bites dog). And it is here that the newspapers clash with the armed services. Patton slaps a soldier, twenty-three transport planes are shot down, the British down one of our ferry planes—these relatively minor items are blown up to sensations when the news from Russia and Italy grows monotonous. And the armed services are openly suspected of wanting to suppress their own mistakes.

The Army might well ask whether this means that every time an artillery barrage falls short or a friendly plane is shot by mistake this has to be reported to the papers. The editors and other newsmen, in fact, are showing some signs of repentance, and General Surles' letter seems from here to have had a good effect.

The real difficulty Congress will face when it returns is not that the Army tries to save its face by suppression of news, but that it is trying to take on two responsibilities, only one of which it has by right. Suppression for strategic reasons is one thing and quite defensible every way, but suppression for probable effect on the public is not the Army's business. That is a civilian matter, and censorship of such facts should take place, not at the source, but through the OWI, which was set up precisely for this purpose. Instead of bedeviling the armed forces for doing what they are not equipped to do, Congress might well strengthen OWI in what it was set up to do.

WILFRID PARSONS

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE IN POSTWAR CHINA

BISHOP PAUL YU-PIN

WESTERNERS as a rule think China very mysterious. They call her the Oriental enigma, attribute to her "ways that are dark" and in general give the impression that there is no use trying to understand her, for "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." Happily, that day is passing, for we are beginning to realize that mutual understanding is the basis of any world peace. We have put aside that myopic mentality that would focus all attention on Europe, and have come, at least to some extent, to know that the key to much of the world's future lies in the Orient. It should interest us, therefore, to know the forces at work and to evaluate the role of the Church in China. Indeed, it is more than a question of interest; it is a necessity. Lack of understanding of China is weighty with consequences for the rest of the world.

China is America's *near* neighbor. After the war when air-lanes will cross the North Pole, she will be only twenty-five hours distant. China is a large country, containing four and one-half million square miles, actually greater than all of Europe. China is a populous country, roughly estimated at 500 million people, more than the combined populations of North America, South America, Africa and Australia; in other words, more people than live on four continents—one-fourth of humanity. I think the conclusion is fairly apparent. A nation larger than Europe, more populous than four continents, containing one-quarter of the world's inhabitants, cannot be forgotten in any world peace if that peace is to endure. If we add to these considerations the fact that for the first time in her modern history China has awakened to her position, the tremendous need for understanding her becomes evident. Unfortunately, this understanding is not yet too profound.

Today, therefore, we wish to consider this great land of China with its bursting potentialities, but from the Christian point of view—to evaluate the influence of Christianity. To do this with any degree of comprehensiveness, we must not limit ourselves to the present and future, for China is a land of tradition. We have already come in contact with much that is Christian, and our reaction to these early attempts at evangelization has profoundly affected the whole Chinese mentality toward Christianity and the foreigner. A complete understanding demands a short excursion into the past.

China first learned of Christianity early in the

seventh century when Nestorian missionaries introduced their sect, but by the year 1000 Nestorianism was extinct. The second contact with Christianity—this time with Catholicism—was diplomatic rather than religious. The Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century had so frightened Europe that several Franciscan priests were sent to the Court of the Mongols to negotiate with their leader. With the arrival of John of Monte Corvino, a Franciscan priest who became the first Archbishop of Peking in 1299, we enter on the apostolic period of the missions. This zealous prelate and his companions worked hard to plant the Faith and enjoyed some success, but within a hundred years their communities had died out, leaving few traces of Christianity in China.

Almost another two hundreds years passed before missionaries knocked again at China's doors. To the three Jesuits, Alessandro Valignani, Michael Ruggieri and Matthew Ricci belongs the honor of opening the modern period of the missions. The way had been pointed out to them by their Jesuit brother, Saint Francis Xavier, who learned from the Japanese the preponderant cultural role of China in the Orient. To all his arguments on the truth of the Catholic faith, the Japanese would retort: "If your religion is so true, why have the Chinese heard nothing of it?" Xavier therefore determined to convert China, but died off the mainland in 1552, the same year that his foremost successor, Matthew Ricci was born. What Xavier failed to accomplish, his brothers rushed to complete. For years they waited off the coast of China for the opportune moment, preparing themselves to understand Chinese culture, steeping themselves in Chinese traditions and literature. They knew the heights to which this civilization had progressed and the interest of the Chinese in every form of knowledge.

With this in mind, they charted their course of apostolate. Theirs was to be the intellectual approach, bringing to the Chinese the learning they so esteemed, meeting them on grounds of scholarship, leading them gradually from secular wisdom to religious truth and capturing the élite of the nation. Never was shrewder estimate made of Chinese character. The Chinese themselves had divided their people into four categories—scholar, farmer, artisan and merchant—and of these the scholar held the highest rank. The missionaries, though they first assumed the garb of Buddhist monks, soon realized the trend of Chinese thought and, in

order to further their intellectual apostolate, adopted the dress of the scholar. The results were beyond question. Some of the highest officials in the nation entered the Church and their influence assured the protection of missionaries throughout the entire nation. By 1650 there were 150,000 Catholics in China, and at the close of the century there were close to 300,000. The Church had sent down deep roots that would never be torn up.

Not only had Western missionaries brought to China a new religious knowledge, they also taught new ideas of geography, mathematics, astronomy, art and mechanics. In the realm of philosophy and literary criticism their influence was profound, not merely in expanding the content of Chinese philosophy, but in instituting a methodology and critical spirit that was to stimulate the school of Han scholars to their remarkable work on Chinese literature. Christianity had indeed deeply influenced China. The intellectual apostolate had proved efficient.

Yet we must confess that Christian influence, in spite of the valiant efforts of that great phalanx of missionaries, was doomed to failure. It could not succeed. It is not my purpose to criticize the past. I wish only to present the Chinese historical viewpoint. With the Decrees that settled the Rites controversy—precautionary measures in the eyes of the Church, but measures which gave rise to misunderstanding on the part of the Chinese—the spread of Christianity encountered its first great obstacle. It became an invader of Chinese culture. It struck at what was dearest to our people. Our whole civilization was built around the family and our concept of filial piety. Respect for our parents and all elders was inculcated in us from our earliest days. To impress us with its sacredness, an elaborate ritual determined the way we were to reverence parents and grandparents. It assumed the proportions of a cult and was known throughout the world as ancestor worship. In the ancestral hall we had the tablets of our dead arranged according to their rank, and seasonal ceremonies kept them ever before our eyes.

Next to our parents, teachers were held in great esteem. They had brought us to maturity in the intellectual life. Since it was quite proper for an individual Chinese to respect his teacher, we thought it even more becoming to honor with special ceremonies Confucius, the teacher of teachers, the molder of our intellectual and moral thought.

All our officials were selected from the scholar class. Only after emerging successfully from severe competitive examinations was a person chosen for office. The leaders of China, therefore, and anyone who aspired to a position of prominence had to pay the customary respect to Confucius. Every scholar was obliged to go to the temple of the sage and there make his bows of reverence and gratitude for the knowledge bequeathed him by Confucius, which had been the source of all his success. For the Church to strike at these two institutions in forbidding certain ceremonies of respect to ancestors and prohibiting the usual salutations in honor of Confucius was in the eyes of the Chinese an

attempt to destroy our culture. It meant that a Chinese in becoming a Catholic would have to cut himself off from official life, from his family circle, and deny what was most sacred in his traditions. The Church in the eyes of the people was the cultural invader of China.

The second great obstacle that foreshadowed the doom of Christianity as an influence in China was, if I may so term it, a political invasion. It came a hundred years after the cultural invasion but was no less damaging. It was part of the "open door" policy. Of course, we Chinese are always grateful to the United States for having formulated this policy. It was the lesser of two evils, and by allowing all nations access to China rather than dividing our land among a few, our country was saved from dismemberment. However, the open door was a door that was forced open, and forced open through unequal treaties at the point of a gun. Theoretically, Christianity should never have been involved in this stigma, but actually, since missionaries were mentioned, granted privileges and protected in these unequal treaties, we began to think of them as the forerunners and political agents of their nations. When we thought of a missionary, the somber hulk of a gunboat always loomed up in the background. Nor were we entirely at fault in making this association. Too often some missionaries forgot that they were sent to preach the Kingdom of God and not to embroil themselves in political questions which brought them into conflict with our Government. Christianity, therefore, was looked upon as an invader of Chinese political sovereignty and those who embraced it were considered followers of the foreigner and more or less traitors to their country. That there was much misunderstanding in all this is evident. But the fact remains that for the Chinese, by and large, Christianity was invading her culture and her political sovereignty.

But the dawn of a new era has broken for the Church in China. The misunderstandings of centuries have been cleared away. On December 8, 1938, a day that will be cherished by Catholics for generations to come, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda decreed: "It is licit for Catholics to be present at commemorative functions held before a likeness or tablet of Confucius in Confucian monuments or schools," and "inclinations of the head and other signs of civil respect in presence of the dead or before their images, or even before a tablet inscribed simply with the name of the defunct, are also to be regarded as licit and proper." After three hundred years a fundamental misunderstanding has been abolished. Christianity stands free of its first great shackle. It had learned to understand Chinese culture and had opened the way for Chinese to understand it. The Church is no longer considered the cultural invader of China.

But we have gone even farther. On October 10, 1942, the United States of America and Great Britain abolished extra-territoriality in China and all unequal treaties. One of the prime aims of our national revolution had finally been accomplished. Though we rejoiced chiefly over the political tri-

umph achieved, the Church also had reason to be glad. With the abolition of unequal treaties went the second great obstacle to the influence of Christianity. The Church could no longer be considered as the agent of a foreign government, for now it was standing on its own feet, looking to the Chinese for whatever protection it needed.

These far-reaching developments have taken place within the last three years. In other words, we have witnessed the turning point in the history of Christianity in China. The barriers to Christianity, the two great obstacles that have nullified the modern intellectual apostolate, have at last been swept away. Not only is the Holy See known and respected, but we have gone so far along the road of friendship that today China maintains diplomatic relations with Rome and has her Minister at the Vatican. Truly, when I say that we stand at the dawn of a new era in China, I speak no idle and unwarranted words.

The obstacles are cleared away. Negatively, Christianity was never better situated. But positively, is the position of the Church hopeful? Are there indications of a definite need of Christ, a longing for Christ? The question need scarcely be asked, for we know that not only individuals, but nations as well, find their all in the God-Man. For them also He is the way, the truth and the life.

China is no exception. China of today has reached the point where she is groping for something. She is seeking a way—a way that will be the perfecting of her already superior moral civilization. Chinese tradition has always been characterized by morality. Her classics teach a natural goodness that rises at times to sublime heights. Her books need no expurgation as do those of the Greeks and Romans. Her doctrine is the natural law. Recognizing from her earliest days a Supreme Ruler on high, seeing in the dictates of the human heart the law of this Ruler, founding her nation solidly on exact family morality, China has given proof of a wholesomeness that we seek in vain amongst the older peoples. Never has she created gods of vice. Never has she taught immorality. Perhaps this is the secret of her long life, 5,000 years. Her morality has preserved her.

And today, in the midst of a swiftly changing world, even in the midst of a changing China, when so many of her people have gone mad with eagerness for the coming industrialization of China, her leaders still hearken back to her traditional teaching. There must be a spiritual renovation to match the industrial renovation, otherwise China is lost. But her leaders are beginning to understand that even the age-old morality, excellent as it was, is inadequate. They are looking for something higher, something that carries with it not merely the light to guide, but gives the power to do. They are turning to the way which is Christ. Chinese morality must be baptized, must be elevated to a supernatural level, must be grafted on Christ. Thousands of years of excellent tradition have made this people ready. They but await those who will guide them. Only last Christmas, President Chiang Kai-shek, in a radio broadcast to the wounded sol-

diers of China, sounded the keynote of this eagerness to follow Christ. He promised to send missionaries to these soldiers. Why? "In order to preach to you the truth of life, in order to raise your standards of knowledge, to soothe your mental outlook and reduce your suffering." And what is this truth of life? President Chiang then went on to explain that it was the three virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity taught by Jesus Christ. China, therefore, is well disposed by centuries of natural morality to follow Christ, the Way.

THE THINGS THAT DO NOT MATTER

JOHN LOUIS BONN

(Continued from issue of April 1)

SOMETHING to remember: the things by which you live—the deeds you do, the relationship with your back-fence neighbor, your attitude on Japan—all these things did not begin in Mr. Hearst's newspapers, though they gradually got to you through them. The source of these things was not in the subway sign, though that is where you saw them. So much of them began in the scholar's study or the poet's attic, and from there crept out in a little unseen trickle into a little, unknown world. Then came the popularizer, who is a man who picks brains and knows how to publicize his plunder, and he wrote a popular book or gave a popular lecture. Then crept out another swarm, the journalists, and they read the book, being literate, or heard the lecture, being paid for it, and that is how you got it.

Have you read Darwin? But who does not know about a theory that would have alarmed that venerable old scientist considerably? Have you studied Einstein? But the word "relativity" is in your vocabulary. Have you gone conscientiously through Rousseau? Yet your ideas of love, novels, government, education, music, what-all—where did they come from, adulterated, pabulated, save from him? Your scholar has read these things. He knows why you think as you do and how your thinking makes you act as you do. Some of these things he can judge because of their source, as by the fruit of the tree. But you do not know them. You merely do them and live by them, patterning your inward life upon them as if upon another Sinai. Or are not your lives important?

In the high school you read Shelley and Shakespeare, possibly even Chaucer, whose spelling was so bad. But did they keep it from you that Chaucer made the English world, changing it from its whole previous pattern and giving to the life which we inherit its strong tinge of bourgeois laissez faire, which of late years has had a good deal to do with

how much or how little you ate, who died of cold, what vulgarity was accepted and what was disapproved? Did they point out, even in passing, that Shakespeare, though he did not know the word, was the greatest psychologist of all time and, seizing upon a preoccupation which had also been one of Chaucer's, so magnified it into greatness that this interest, sweeping on through the channel of Literature, grew to the great flood of introspection, analysis of human behavior, study of motive, until at last, beginning anew and again in the laboratory of a little Viennese-Jewish savant, it was a whirlpool, a vortex into which you also were swept? You have seen, with the decline of the priesthood in the sects, the pastor replaced by the psychoanalyst. You have witnessed a great change. But from whence? What was the basis of this preoccupation?

Did school leave you in ignorance of the effect that Shelley had upon the young thinkers of his time? Did you ever hear of Godwin or of his philosophy? What about the world-dream of a unity of nations, a vast republic of brotherly love? What about the lady who left ten thousand dollars to care for her cat? What about the man who says that though he doesn't believe in God he does believe in some great animating spirit of nature? What is this Liberty for which your sons and brothers bleed and die?

And by the way, who taught you to climb high hills to look at blood-red sunsets, or to exclaim over mountain scenery, or did you know even that the race had to be taught that, and late? It was a poet who did that—a poet-painter who found it out all by himself and gave it to you. Before his time nobody thought of it, and he lived rather late in the history of Western Civilization. His name was DaVinci—Leonardo DaVinci.

No poem ever saved a soul? Since I am not God I do not know. But I do know that it was a weapon in the hands of those who went about either to save souls or to help to ruin them. I have heard of the Psalms of David, which I had always fancied had a somewhat spiritual effect. I have heard also of Dr. Martin Luther and his hymns, his poems, and the way in which the people sang themselves into his churches. I have heard of certain political and semi-religious verses composed by a grim old lady, a fellow-townsman of mine, by the name of Mother Goose, and of other verse falsely attributed to her, all of which had the same effect as does the catechism upon our young. I have heard of the poems of Godless Russia, the anti-God verses which their children learned and howled. Apparently some of the enemies of God have thought these things important, and it looks very much as if many of them were working like an evil yeast.

Then too, I have thought that Poetry alone among the arts had been employed in the Divine Service, in the very Mass itself; and by that I mean that, though all the arts are employed in the Divine Service, Poetry alone was so intricate a part of the Mass on certain occasions that it alone of the arts could not be omitted. For you can have the Sacrifice without music even; but you cannot have some Masses or any Offices without poetry.

And Christ Our Lord, who left us no other works of art, left us with His own poetry; and our Lady, who spoke very little, did leave us one poem, the longest, the most sublime for her words.

It is for these reasons that I do not care to think of poetry as being inconsequential.

Last of all among the things that do not matter, is religion. When I say that it does not matter I go by statistics, because they always impress me, and because I possess the modern superstitions about them. These statistics, which tell me that sixty per cent of the people in our nation have or practise no religion whatever, convince me that if they thought it were terribly worth while, as I do, they would take it a bit more seriously.

There is also the fact that I know something about the other forty per cent who profess or practise some religion. Yet if they are not of my own brand, they tell me, as if to console me or to take me into their fold, that all religions lead to God and that one religion is as good as another. In this way they intend to flatter me, somehow, and I cannot hurt them by being unkind. I am meekly acquiescent. I grunt confusedly a negation which they cannot possibly hear, and smile with a vapiduity of which I am guiltily conscious. At night, when the day is done, I pray to God to take from me the dismal politeness which is craven prudence.

Certainly, if anyone in the world does not believe that one religion is as good as another, it is I. It would seem that from my calling and work I would be going about proclaiming that very fact—that I believe in truth, and that I cannot bring myself to think that an elephant is a butterfly, or that the snow which I see to be falling is really going a bit obliquely upward because someone else says that it is.

And so, too, I cannot believe that Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament and that if you think He is not, you are partially right; that the disruption of marriage is a good or an evil, according as it is motivated by love, lust, hatred, ambition, greed, desire, calumny or private detectives; that Christ founded one Church upon a rock and that the Holy Ghost abides with it, but that He also smiles with great benignant tolerance upon all those who deny that there is a rock or a Holy Ghost. I cannot believe that I am right in believing in miracles and that Mrs. Eddy was right in believing that miracles are the natural order of creation. Try as I might, I could not work myself up to these confusions, so as to say that what I know is wrong is right because somebody thinks so. Truth never seemed to me to be dependent upon the erroneous judgment of an individual.

The nearest I can come to a sympathetic approach to these aberrations is to perceive that to all these liberal people the whole business really does not matter, that it is profoundly and most abysmally unimportant. Of course I can understand then how the main problem has rather slipped their minds. I can understand how they can be so unaffected by it all and leave it up to those whose professional career it is to be interested in futilities. If there is no settled truth there is no

real need to bother one's self about the "truth" at all.

But the remainder of the remainder bother me still more, because there is a percentage of them who still label themselves Catholics, on whom this silliness is settled like a fine dust. I think of the young man who is going to try to found a Catholic family on his own weak faith and the heresy of a charming young lady whom he met six weeks ago in Des Moines. He tells me that he cannot see why the Church makes so much fuss about it all; that she is a swell girl; that she doesn't care about religion anyway and will make all the promises there are, and why can't we let her alone; that he has met a lot of Catholic girls, and they are all, to the last girl of them, no good; that he can't think up any reason why he should get a dispensation to marry but that he doesn't want to hurt his mother and that he has been brought up a Catholic and is going to stay one and he guesses he can take care of the children—though it is the memory of his mother that keeps him going now; that he has known ever so many people who have lived very happily despite mixed marriages and whose children have all become nuns and priests. In other words, he is telling me that it really doesn't matter—that the foundation of a Catholic home is the least of his worries. That the fine unity of parental thinking is unimportant. That I am making a great touse about trivialities.

He is only one example. There are thousands as you well know. There is the corseted matron who believes in everything except Catholic Education. There is the man whose short hairs bristle at the interference of the Church in Politics, Business, Social Life, Pocketbook, Legal Practice, Medical Practice, and who just can't see why Church Property should not be taxed. They are the ones who just don't want the Church to intrude. And I rather sympathize with them, because I can understand selfishness, and an intruding Church is a very disturbing thing. If you let it intrude it gets right into the home and into yourself and it upsets your whole microcosm; it devastates you.

Or there is one more specimen. He clings yet to a scapular as to a life-raft. He is a station-ducker, a novena devotee. His private devotions are as the sands of the sea. But he has locked his Faith securely within his heart, as he tells himself, and he warms himself at the comfort of his own virtue. Never by word or sign or gesture does he allow any of it to escape. He has two maxims: that it is his first duty to save his own soul and that charity begins at home. The diffusion of the Faith, the inner urge which one who possesses a good thing should have to spread it abroad among his neighbors, the shouting from the housetop, the insistence in season and out of season, the apostolic mission—and oh yes, the only thing he cannot understand is Missionaries, because there-is-so-much-still-to-be-done-at-home—the great sweeping love of God in all his creatures, and the desire to increase the fire upon the earth; none of these has touched him. He thinks religion is a Personal Matter. It is his. If others lose their souls that is their own concern.

These, then, are the things that do not matter: Cultural Education, Poetry, Religion, or to put them into abstracts and so render them incomprehensible: Truth, Beauty, Goodness. The Good, the True, the Beautiful. And yet God who is One, is the Good, the Truth, the Beauty. He is these things and can be worshiped only in them. He can be known only in them and in the unity or one-ness of them. Our religion, our truth, our part, as one, create that natural trinity which the Creator foreordained, shadowing out from Him the vestige of his own Triune Being.

Therefore, O separated world, O world of divorced things, this is your disintegration, your decay. This is the crumbling by which the structure falls. This is the piecemeal partition, the cleavage, the ruin. This is the moment in which the seams are visible and the parts are apparent. For dry rot does this and the termite attacks in this way. Little by little, till we look at the little things, rotting, falling apart. The little things are little indeed. The great edifice that collapses goes shaling off bit by bit till only the bits are perceivable, and the bits and the pieces are small. There is nothing in them for alarm. They are trivial, they are little, they do not matter.

O my dying world!

ECONOMIC LIBERALISM

IN AMERICA: III

BENJAMIN L. MASSE



(Article III of a series)

LOOKING back over the forty years which had elapsed since Leo wrote, Pius XI rejoiced in 1931 that the tenets of Liberalism "which had long hampered effective interference by the government," had been overthrown by *Rerum Novarum*.

This note of jubilation, as far as the United States was concerned, was somewhat premature. In 1923 the highest court in the land had decided that the District of Columbia was powerless to prevent the payment of sweatshop wages to women in industry (*Adkins v. Children's Hospital*); and in 1936 it extended this allegedly constitutional prohibition to all the States (*Morehead v. Tipaldo*). In dissenting from the first opinion, Chief Justice Taft wrote that "it is not the function of this Court to hold Congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the Court believes to be unwise or unsound." But "the Constitution," as Charles Evans Hughes once said, "is what the judges say it is," and in these cases the Judges clearly said it was the shrine of laissez-faire economics.

To Catholics who understood *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* the path to social and

economic reform in the United States seemed effectively blocked by the Supreme Court. Under the Constitution our national and State legislatures were apparently powerless to deal with some of the worst abuses in our economic system. In the judicial branch of our tripartite government, the dogmas of "freedom of contract" and the "non-interference of the State" seemed solidly entrenched. The conclusion was inescapable: the voices of Leo and Pius had not yet penetrated the sanctuary of the Supreme Court.

In a case decided prior to *Adkins v. Children's Hospital*, Justice Holmes had pointed out to the Court majority that they were reading into the Constitution their personal predilection for certain theories of Liberal Economics. Dissenting from a ruling which declared unconstitutional a New York State law setting a ten-hour maximum for bakers (*Lochner v. New York*), he wrote:

This case is decided upon an economic theory which a large part of the country does not entertain. . . . The liberty of the citizen to do as he likes so long as he does not interfere with the liberty of others to do the same, which has been a shibboleth for some well-known writers, is interfered with by school laws, by the Post Office, by every State or municipal institution which takes his money for purposes thought desirable, whether he likes it or not. The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics.

The reference to Herbert Spencer was very much to the point. The influence of this superficial, but winning writer on American thought has been enormous, although most of our people—including many who today parrot his thoughts, and even his seductive phrases—are totally ignorant of it. In their social study of American industrialism, *The Age of Enterprise*, Messrs. Cochran and Miller write as follows:

Worked out most thoroughly by the Englishman Herbert Spencer, this philosophy [of progress] won America as no philosophy had ever won a nation before. To a generation singularly engrossed in the competitive pursuit of industrial wealth it gave cosmic sanction to free competition. In an age of science, it "scientifically" justified ceaseless exploitation. Precisely attuned to the aspirations of American businessmen, it afforded them a guide to faith and thought perfectly in keeping with the pattern of their workaday lives. When they were hopeful, it was infinitely optimistic; when they were harsh, it "proved" that harshness was the only road to progress; when they had doubts, it allayed these with a show of evidence that apparently was irrefutable. Their cupidity, it defended as part of the universal struggle for existence; their wealth, it hallowed as the sign of the "fittest."

This was the heady potion, brewed from Liberal Economics and Darwinian Evolution, which intoxicated many an influential American during the decades between 1870 and 1890. Educational circles drank deeply of the new elixir and furnished some of the most persuasive apostles—among them Eliot of Harvard and Butler of Columbia—of the Evangel according to Spencer. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge struggled to stem the popular tide of Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom" with arguments borrowed unblushingly from *Man Versus the State*, one of the Prophet's principal works. On first read-

ing Spencer, Andrew Carnegie exclaimed: "Light came as in a flood and all was clear." And, as Justice Holmes testified, even the Supreme Court lost its judicial calm and practically placed the English philosopher among the Founding Fathers.

It may be a moot historical point whether, as Mr. Justice Holmes and others believed, the laissez-faire gloss on the Constitution ought to be mainly attributed to the Englishman Herbert Spencer or not. After all, throughout our history there has been a kind of indigenous individualism which in itself is sufficient to explain the Supreme Court's conversion to the Manchester School of economics. The influence of Puritan theology, together with a frontier environment which placed a premium on initiative and self-reliance, certainly prepared the country to accept the Spencerian gospel.

Furthermore, there was the whole current of Jeffersonian democracy which enshrined the fear our revolutionary ancestors felt for strong government. In his inaugural address, March 4, 1801, the Sage of Monticello said that only one thing remained to ensure the felicity of the American people: "a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

On the other hand, the Constitution can hardly be said to have incorporated the economics of Adam Smith. In *The Republic*, Professor Charles Beard has again summed up the case against those Jeffersonian Democrats who believe that the Founding Fathers contemplated no government interference with business and that, in the words of one of his characters, "until the New Deal dunderheads came along and befuddled the people, everybody in his right mind knew just what the Constitution was for, namely, to protect free enterprise." The principal point in that case is that during Washington's two administrations, in which the chief posts were held mostly by men who had participated in the Constitutional Convention, the Government started making laws which directly affected business.

The First Congress, for instance, passed a tariff with special tonnage duties which discriminated in favor of American shipping; it established the Bank of the United States; it voted bounties to the New England fishing interests. Even Jefferson, with his laissez-faire concept of the State, when he became President, did not change one jot or tittle either in the tonnage duties or the bounties to the fisheries.

The point, therefore, is that, however the laissez-faire gloss appeared on the Constitution, it was a gloss. Among contemporary authorities, no one has insisted more strongly on this than Professor Edward S. Corwin, who charges that the Supreme Court, since 1885 until almost yesterday, embraced an economic theory which was not in the Constitution but "of its own secretion and that of the contemporary Bar." In his *Court over the Constitution*, he writes:

In this latest period of the development of Constitutional law, States Rights versus National Power is

no longer a vital issue, though still capable of serving as a screen for vital issues. The great issue, the controlling issue, has been that of Government versus Business; and the point of view from which the Court has predominantly approached this issue has been that of the laissez-faire theory of political economy. In this theory, government is "the villain of the piece," private economic enterprise the spotless hero. Dominant political forces had determined that the American citizen should be a voter—that could not be helped; but "the mere force of numbers" must not be permitted to project government into the field of business management; and especially must business management be allowed to dictate the terms of the employer-employee relationship, this being the very essence of constitutional liberty in a capitalistic regime.

From this stricture on the Supreme Court, the reader must not conclude that during the half-century under discussion the Justices were swayed only by the theories of Economic Liberalism, or that they applied these consistently in every possible decision. Such was not the case. The evidence shows only that laissez-faire was throughout this period the main influence on Constitutional law.

Furthermore, it should not be imagined that critics of the Court are intent on depreciating its Constitutional power, much less on wishing to destroy it as a coordinate branch of the Federal Government. The fact is—and for this every citizen ought to be grateful to the Court and duly appreciative of the wisdom of the Founding Fathers—that whether the Court has been for loose construction or strict construction, States Rights or National Government, laissez-faire or not, it has been, with very, very few exceptions, a staunch defender of those personal liberties enshrined in the Bill of Rights. But this is all the more reason for lamenting an aberration which made the Bulwark of our Liberties the mouthpiece of Liberal Capitalism.

In one of the first cases illustrating the legitimate attempts of public authority to deal with the growing power of concentrated wealth (*Munn v. Illinois*, decided in 1876) the Court gave no indication of that laissez-faire thinking which was to frustrate for many years the efforts of the States and the Federal Government to exercise their sovereign power for the common welfare.

In response to public demand that the overweening abuses of the railroads be curbed, the Illinois Constitution of 1870 carried a clause directing the legislature to enact necessary regulatory laws. This it proceeded to do, and its example was quickly followed by Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The validity of these laws was immediately challenged, on the ground that they violated the Fourteenth Amendment by depriving owners of their property without due process of the law. In *Munn v. Illinois*, first of the so-called "Granger Cases," the Court upheld the validity of the Illinois Act. Wrote Chief Justice Waite:

When private property is affected with a public interest, it ceases to be *juris privati* only. . . . When, therefore, one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good, to the extent of the interest he has created.

But this position, which was as sound Constitu-

tionally as it was morally, the Court proceeded, little by little, to abandon. It began to distinguish between "reasonable" and "unreasonable" regulation; it interpreted the "Commerce Clause" to limit the regulatory power of the States; it read into the Constitution the laissez-faire concept of "liberty of contract."

In 1887, it decided that a State had no Constitutional right to forbid the entry of liquor from other States; in 1905, it ruled that a State could not abridge the "liberty" of an adult male to work in a bakery more than ten hours a day and sixty hours a week; in 1923, it decreed that the "liberty" of a woman to work for less than a living wage must not be abridged by the District of Columbia, a ruling later extended to the States.

Employing the same economic theories, the Court similarly handcuffed the Federal Government. When the Justice Department attempted to apply the newly enacted Sherman Anti-trust Act to the Sugar Trust, which admittedly monopolized 98 per cent of this essential commodity, the Court maintained, in 1895, that the activities of the Trust were manufacturing and "bore no direct relation to commerce between the States or with foreign nations." Hence they could not be reached constitutionally by Congress.

Sixteen years later, in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, the Court introduced the debilitating distinction, which Congress had refused to do, between "reasonable" and "unreasonable" restraints of trade.

Finally, in *Hammer v. Dagenhart*, Congress learned that its power to regulate commerce among the States did not enable it to forbid the interstate transportation of products made by firms employing child labor. Since it had already been decided, in the Liquor Cases, that the States were powerless to prevent such products from entering their domains, there existed in this field, which in view of the nation-wide activities of business had become all-important, no power which could protect the common good. In the words of Corwin:

Congress might not act, because to do so would be to invade the powers of the States, and the States might not act because to do so would be to invade the powers of Congress! So we had a governmental "no man's land"—the Utopia, the City of the Sun, the Elysian Fields of laissez-faire-ism, where injunctions sprang up like gingerbread to keep labor and the agents of government from troubling, and legislative power was pleasantly non-existent.

And so this mighty nation was forced to confront the growing concentration of economic power with one hand tightly tied behind its back. The principles of Economic Liberalism had triumphed; the way had been opened for the butchery of remedial legislation during the early 'nineteen-thirties; the State had been reduced to the condition of a night watchman. No wonder the rejoicing of Pius XI over the rout of Liberalism since Leo's day rang mockingly through Catholic circles in America. The Pope had to wait until March 29, 1937, for vindication. On that day—one of the greatest in the history of the Court—Mr. Justice Roberts changed his mind and the Court erased the laissez-faire gloss from the law of the land.

PREPARING TO HELP POSTWAR POLAND

SISTER MARY, I.H.M.

DETROIT, arsenal of democracy and city of social challenge, saw consolidated on Sunday, January 30, a program which may, indeed, be prophetic of the future of Catholic Action in the United States. The program is one designed to train personnel to serve in postwar Poland. Organized by that indefatigable leader amongst Polish women, Miss Clara Swieczkowska of Detroit, it operates under the direction of, and is financed by, the Bishops' Committee for Relief Work in Poland. Bishop Duffy of Buffalo is chairman of this Committee, Bishop Stephen S. Woznicki of Detroit, treasurer.

The first efforts of the committee last summer were directed to establishing fellowships for the training of professional social workers in postwar Poland. Nine young women and eight Sisters answered this first call. Thirteen of these began their course of studies in September at the National Catholic School of Social Work in Washington. Four entered Loyola School of Social Work in Chicago.

The committee, realizing that professional personnel alone could never fill the needs of Poland, and realizing, too, that a professional person assisted by aides having basic training in the field of service can multiply her professional services, turned its attention in the Fall to the sponsoring of a second program designed to give rounded training to such aides.

The training needs of these aides were studied and a basic curriculum devised. It took into consideration in its formulation several essentials. The persons accepted for training would be adults at least twenty-one years of age. They would have a practical knowledge of Polish as a means of communication. They would probably be in-service persons who would take the training courses in evening classes. The training would aim at giving a broad basis of principles in the social sciences and psychology together with a working knowledge of skills and techniques required in the service of people.

As it was finally evolved, the curriculum included as its first division courses in the principles of sociology, economics, psychology and politics; also, a survey of Polish history and culture. The second section embraced courses in child welfare, individualized and group services to people, nutrition and home nursing and child care. It was realized that much of the work the aides will be called upon to do will be concerned with the care of children and the bringing together of separated families. The Red Cross Motor Corps course, to be taken by all students, will help solve transportation problems in a devastated country where good roads

and car service will be at a premium. The program plans, then, to train men and women who can make sound judgments and serve efficiently under professional guidance. They will be the front-line leaders, close both physically and in understanding to those who have suffered much and have many needs. 35

When the program itself was formulated, the next step was to get the cooperation of Catholic colleges and universities to carry it out in centers having a large Polish population. The schools offering to cooperate in the program of training proposed by the Bishop's Committee sent representatives to the Detroit meeting. They are: Canisius in Buffalo, Duquesne in Pittsburgh, Fordham in New York, Loyola in Chicago, Marygrove in Detroit and the National Catholic School of Social Service in Washington, D. C. By January of 1945, these Catholic colleges hope to have ready for postwar work in Poland, as professional personnel and as aides, approximately two hundred persons. The Bishops' Committee, Miss Swieczkowska and the generous young men and women who have entered this training program deserve, surely, our admiration and congratulations. This is an international effort in the field of Catholic Action which promises truly constructive service to a great Catholic country in its hour of greatest distress.

It is fitting, without doubt, that Poland, ninety-five per cent Catholic as she is, should be served by *Catholic Americans*. It is fitting, too, that this service should be rendered by the children and grandchildren of former Polish citizens. And it is also fitting that the Church in America should learn from an American Polish leader how to train and organize front-line leaders, leaders who will come closely in contact with the people as they serve them generously.

Clara Swieczkowska, who initiated the work, is recognized by all who know her as a natural-born leader. She is recognized, too, as a self-sacrificing and apostolic woman, a woman of great faith and vision. A year ago, as she viewed in anguish of soul the crucifixion of a Catholic people bound to her by blood as well as by the Faith, she visioned a way to help. Today her dream is well on its way to realization.

But it is not for Poland alone that Clara dreamed her dream. It is not, we hope, for Poland alone that the Detroit conference will bear fruit. The strength of the Church in America is not, most persons will concede, in its lay leadership. Yet Catholic Action, by its definition, demands strength in lay leadership. God, on His side, has been good to man, distributing leaders freely among the people. Of every group of three or four or five people who band together, whether they are children or adults, one spontaneously assumes and is conceded to have the leadership. Our weakness as Catholics has been that we have done little, very little, to train these naturally gifted leaders. May it not be that the training of aides under the Bishops' Program for Relief in Poland can give us the cue on how we may best go about the unfinished business of training lay leaders?

SUPREME COURT AND WHITE PRIMARY

GEORGE K. HUNTON

THE United States Supreme Court, in an important and significant decision, holds that the Democratic Party in Texas may not bar Negroes from voting in the party primaries. In taking this position, the highest court, in an 8-1 opinion, has reversed a previous decision rendered in 1935 by a unanimous court. Although the present opinion is concerned with party primaries—not only in Texas but in a number of other Southern States, which also exclude Negroes from participating in party primaries—it is principally important and significant because it will doubtless have a definite influence on the future status of the Negro in American life—in the North as well as in the South.

The case at issue was originally brought by Lonny E. Smith, a Negro, who was refused a ballot when he sought to vote in the 1940 Texas Democratic primary. He brought suit against two of the election officials for \$5,000 damages. The lower courts vindicated the Texas officials on the basis of the Supreme Court decision of 1935. At that time the Court had ruled unanimously that the rule prohibiting Negroes from voting in the primaries was the act and the responsibility of the Democratic Party and not of the State. In 1941, however, the Supreme Court had held (*U. S. vs. Classic*) that the primaries in Louisiana were an integral part of the election procedure of the State. Contending that this opinion was inconsistent with the ruling of the Court in 1935, an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. On Monday last, the Court handed down a majority opinion by Justice Reed, with Justice Roberts dissenting.

The opinion of the majority was as follows:

In reaching this conclusion we are not unmindful of the desirability of continuity of decision in constitutional questions. However, when convinced of former error, this Court has never felt constrained to follow precedent. In constitutional questions, where correction depends upon amendment and not upon legislative action, this Court throughout its history has freely exercised its power to re-examine the basis of its constitutional decisions. This has long been accepted practice, and this practice has continued to this day.

The contention of the State of Texas is set forth by Justice Reed:

That the Democratic Party of Texas is a voluntary organization with members banded together for the purpose of selecting individuals of the group representing the common political beliefs as candidates in the general election. As such a voluntary organization, it was claimed, the Democratic Party is free to select its own membership and limit to whites participation in the party primary. Such action, the answer asserted, does not violate the Fourteenth, Fifteenth or Seventeenth Amendments, as officers of government cannot be chosen at primaries and

the amendments are applicable only to general elections where governmental officers are actually elected. Primaries, it is said, are political party affairs, handled by party not governmental officers.

Refusing to accept this point of view, the Court held:

We think that this statutory system for the selection of party nominees for inclusion on the general election ballot makes the party, which is required to follow these legislative directions, an agency of the State in so far as it determines the participants in a primary election. The party takes its character as a State agency from the duties imposed upon it by State statutes; the duties do not become matters of private law because they are performed by a political party.

When primaries become a part of the machinery for choosing officials, as they have here, the same tests to determine the character of discrimination or abridgement should be applied to the primary as are applied to the general election.

Doubtless any number of devices will be employed by Southern Democrats in an attempt to preserve the institution of "white primaries," despite the fact that the present decision points out: "under our Constitution the great privilege of choosing his rulers may not be denied to a man by the State because of his color," and adds: "... the organic law grants to all citizens the right to participate in the choice of elected officials without rejection by any State because of race."

It is highly significant in this connection that Southern political leaders make no bones of the fact that Negroes are excluded from voting in the primaries, and that they, the politicians, intend to use every effort to maintain this undemocratic exclusion. It would seem that a great deal of time must pass before any appreciable numbers of Negroes in the Southern States will take part in Democratic party primaries. Progress in this direction will be slow—but definite gains will be made in each succeeding election.

Arthur Krock, well-known New York *Times* correspondent, in discussing this important decision, points out that the Court was doubtless influenced by "the common sacrifices of wartime," which he said "have turned public opinion and the Court against previously sustained devices to exclude minorities from any privilege of citizenship the majority enjoys."

There can be no doubt that there is a very definite trend throughout the land in the direction of equal rights and opportunities for all minorities. This is particularly true in regard to our largest minority, the 13 million Negro citizens, as evidenced by the strong sentiment in favor of repeal of the Poll-Tax, the consistent support for Fair Employment Practice, the right of Negroes to be included in all branches of the Armed Forces, the constantly growing sentiment against Jim-Crow laws. This trend has been accelerated since the outbreak of the war, but it was definitely noticeable in the ten-year period before Pearl Harbor.

This case will have great influence in accelerating the trend in the direction of equal rights and opportunities for all Americans. Though anti-Negro prejudice has been deeply entrenched in American life, Interracial Justice is a winning cause.

SCHOOLMASTERS MEET

THIS week the Catholic Educational Association and kindred bodies meet at Atlantic City for their annual convention. Rarely have they gathered under auspices so somber. In particular they will miss the customary presence of the late deceased Bishops Peterson of Manchester and Howard of Covington, whose life work was so closely tied in with the success of the Association.

Other casualties of wartime—in personnel or institution—put unusual demands on the labor of the assembled conferees. Every school, from primary grade to graduate division, is in some way affected by the situation. Teachers absent on Chaplain duty, others overworked and giving spare hours to additional duties in their parishes and communities, directors involved in critical problems of maintenance and adjustment: these factors merely begin the roll of contemporary worries in education. The crowding of classes on the lower level and their depletion higher up, the changes due to acceleration of program, the variations of income, lay a strain on our Catholic forces whose intensity is matched only by the utter devotion of those who teach and those who help.

Added problems arise from impending legislation on the point of postwar education. And the shadow of Federal subsidy and direction will be noted.

But our system of parochial, secondary and higher schooling is planted with the durability of the proverbial oak. In the century elapsed since the Fathers at Baltimore called upon the faithful to found this system of schools, it has driven its roots deep into Catholic life, and Catholic life has given it a vigor which can outlive the stress of present trial.

Proof of this vigor stands out in the program of the convention. The future, not the past, is its major interest—in plans for modifying the extent of the grade and high-school training, in preparing for the impact of postwar demands on social and political studies. Colleges and graduate schools face the coming years with less of apprehension than of determined will to reestablish faculties and to improve instruction.

Motivation will occupy the attention of the conference, for the wartime experience of schoolmasters has opened new vistas of achievement among properly inspired students. The deeper motivation, however, stays on. Catholic education, in the words of an expert, has as its aim "properly to order man's intellectual life here on earth." We cannot do this without God's help. To do it we need the light of faith, the light and strength of grace.

On this final point the convention of the Catholic Educational Association differs from any secular gathering. On this point it takes its stand. On this point, too, it places entire hope. There we find the ultimate reason for the confidence with which this body approaches its decisions. It is in the firm American reliance upon Divine Providence that we, like our Founding Fathers, "pledge . . . our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

EDITOR

SOVIET CONFESSION

A RUSSIAN representative who has lived in the United States for the past seven months in charge of the metals section of the Soviet Purchasing Commission, has denounced Soviet foreign policy as "double-faced." He charges that his own country professes collaboration with the United States and Great Britain, while pursuing at the same time aims incompatible with such collaboration. Victor A. Kravchenko, who makes these charges, points for proof to the formation of the All-Slav Committee in Moscow and to the Union of Polish Patriots.

There is much in the statement as released to the press which offers good material for sensational journalism, an opportunity which has not been offered since the days of Krivitsky. It is difficult at the present time to assess the real value of this document, which contains a large personal element. The real importance of Mr. Kravchenko's allegations, however, should be judged from their effects on our foreign policy. For the sensational character of the "confession" is bound to arouse in the public: first, interest, and then indignation at the only too obvious course of unilateral action pursued by the Soviet government in recent months. Officially, of course, the State Department will take no cognizance of this event. But can it ignore the resurgence of public opinion which the event provoked? It can be hoped that the focusing of public attention upon the alleged "double-faced" Soviet procedure may result in supplying the last ingredient for a sound foreign policy—a determined public opinion.

The Secretary of State has accepted the assurances of Foreign Commissar Molotoff at its face value, to the effect that the Soviet armies in Rumania have no intentions or aims other than military. Russia has previously declared that she was seeking territory only up to what she has been regarding as her 1941 frontiers. On the same day the *New York Times* correspondent, Raymond Daniell, cabled the news of British gratification at the Molotoff assurances. In the British view, this has gone a long ways towards assuring doubters that the Atlantic Charter is still the guiding star of all the major Allies. The opportunity is still open for Marshal Stalin to get back in line—in case Mr. Kravchenko's charges are true.

WORKING TOGETHER

EASTER SEASON naturally leads to thought of Heaven. Heaven, strange as it may seem, may present us with a few difficulties. Major among them is the undeniable fact that we may not choose our own companions. Saint John, in the Apocalypse, pictures for us "a great multitude which no man could number, out of all nations and tribes and tongues, standing before the throne of God." Now the problem is this: how will otherwise very good people enjoy Heaven if they insist, as they do, that they cannot get along with other races? Should we consider, perhaps—a very harsh conclusion—that God, "Who is not a respecter of persons," will not give them an opportunity to get along together in Heaven if they will not make the effort to get along on earth? Even then, the problem still remains, for neither will there be racial discrimination in hell.

Race prejudice is deep, and we must make allowances for it, but there must be something diabolical in the prejudice that makes white workers refuse even to work with Negroes. Here is no question of "social intermingling" or the bugaboo of intermarriage. It is a simple matter of allowing a Negro to make a living by the use of what talent God has given him and education has developed in him. It is something simpler still: allowing a Negro his right to live as befits a human being. For a refusal of that right, one cannot take refuge in an indulgent coddling of prejudice—"And prejudice, you know, is so human."

The practical man tells us that only trouble results from the mingling of whites and blacks on a job. William Hard answers that in an article in the March issue of *Reader's Digest*. "Whites and Blacks can work together," he insists in the title. The CIO unions have been insisting that whites and blacks can and must work together, and the insistence has paid dividends in efficiency and harmony. Two A. F. of L. unions threaten to "fine any member \$100 if he refuses to work alongside another member because of race." The unions, no less than management, are learning by experience that white and black can work together.

Every white man could learn that simple truth if only he would stop telling himself that he just cannot do it.

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

IN the hearings now in progress on renewal of the Emergency Price Control Act, which expires June 30, strong and somewhat unexpected support has come from powerful business and financial circles. The Chamber of Commerce's energetic young President, Eric A. Johnston, urged that there be no relaxation of the "hold-the-line" order. While conceding that some "clarifying amendments" would be helpful, he insisted that nothing ought to be added to the law which would weaken the basic price-control program.

A. L. M. Wiggins, President of the American Bankers Association, was equally emphatic. "The welfare of the banks is at stake in this question before you," he warned the Senators. Pointing out that inflation would be a threat to the value of money deposited in banks and to the welfare of the people, he said that his organization, which represents ninety-three per cent of all the banks in the country doing a banking business, favored continued price and rationing controls, even though these "were not pleasant."

There can be little doubt that this testimony will have a strong influence on the political considerations which, from the very beginning of the wartime stabilization program, have had in the minds of the legislators an importance at least equal to the economic factors. To the power and prestige of organized labor, Army and Navy officials, Government administrators and civic-minded consumer groups has now been added the support of important segments of business and finance. The combined influence of these groups ought to be sufficient to offset in the minds of wavering legislators the enormous power of the inflation-minded commercial farm lobby and its business allies. It will weaken, too, the position of those who have exploited for political purposes the irritations and sacrifices inherent in price-control and rationing programs.

It would, however, be overly sanguine to conclude that the Price Control Act is out of danger. The farm bloc in Congress is certain to make another attempt to abolish consumer subsidies, a move which would make it all but impossible to hold the line on wages. The threat here lies not so much in outright repeal of subsidies as in the skillful use of the anti-subsidy argument to force crippling concessions elsewhere. It is no secret in Washington that the advocates of relaxing price controls—they want at the same time wage controls rigidly maintained—hope to persuade the Congress to permit appeals from OPA rulings to the United States District Courts, and to delete the word "generally" from that section of the Act which directs the OPA to establish prices which are "generally fair and equitable." These seemingly innocent amendments would seriously hamper effective control of prices. It is obvious that directives which cover whole industries are bound to affect individual businesses adversely. Such directives can be "generally fair and equitable" and at the same time

be inequitable in a limited number of particular cases. Under the present law, OPA can defend such directives in Court. If the law is changed, it could do this only with the greatest difficulty. Every greedy and disgruntled businessman, in addition to those who really need relief, could use this loophole to bind the hands of OPA with endless litigation. Lawyers, not the consumers, might become the chief beneficiaries of the Price Control Act.

The suspicion that this proposed amendment is designed to weaken the price-control program is further substantiated by the other suggested change, namely, to permit appeal from OPA rulings in the Federal District Courts, as well as in the Emergency Court of Appeals where they are now heard. Provision for this Emergency Court was made by Congress in the Price Control Act itself, apparently for the expressed purpose of freeing OPA from eroding litigation. The Congress realized, and wisely, that price movements in a booming war economy cannot wait for the luxury of involved and protracted legal maneuverings.

It must be remembered that the common good takes precedence over the good of individuals. Everyone sympathizes with a businessman whose enterprise is threatened by a price directive, even though it is "generally fair and equitable," and OPA ought to make a serious attempt to relieve real hardship cases. But such an attempt must not involve the emasculation of price controls. This the proposed amendments seem to do.

MR. DAVIS AND WAGE POLICY

AMONG the diminishing number of criticisms of affairs on the home front, one of the hardy perennials is the charge that the Government does not have a definite wage policy. This charge, which certain sections of the press reiterate day in and day out, is generally accompanied by figures showing that factory payrolls have advanced 52.1 per cent since 1939, and that, by inference, wages have not been stabilized and workers are waxing rich.

For the enlightenment of these critics, Chairman W. H. Davis of the War Labor Board recently made public the "stabilization code" which governs the Board in its decisions. To informed people, as well as to employers and labor leaders, there is nothing new in this pronouncement. The Little Steel formula, Mr. Davis explained, is the backbone of WLB's stabilization policy. It provides the necessary rigidity. Flexibility is obtained by permitting increases above this formula to correct gross inequities and to raise sub-standard wages. At the present time, for instance, employers are permitted to increase hourly wage rates up to a forty-cent-an-hour minimum without seeking the Board's approval; and regional Boards can approve increases to bring wages to a fifty-cent-an-hour minimum.

This stabilization code is not perfect, and from time to time we have suggested improvements. But it does most definitely constitute a policy, and a pretty rigid one at that. Under it, hourly wage rates have been controlled remarkably well.

ARMISTICE IN AMARILLO

OLDER residents of Amarillo, Texas, doubtless remember November 11, 1918. They remember it, probably, as a day when Amarillo, and all America, seemed to go temporarily mad. It was a very human and, perhaps, a pardonable reaction—but Amarillo does not want it again. They are willing, by all means, that people should shout and sing and dance when the news comes of Hitler's defeat; let horns and whistles and bells rend the air and shake the walls; let the streets be knee-deep in ticker-tape—all these are healthy American reactions to what will be the greatest news of a generation. But these Amarillans do not want to see their city indulge in an orgy of collective drunkenness; they do not want to tarnish the triumph of the United Nations by letting down the bars of decent conduct. And, above all, they do not wish that in that joyous hour Amarillo should forget God from whom alone comes victory.

Appropriately, the initiative comes from the local Post of the American Legion, the men who carried our arms to triumph in the last war. Soldiers, they know the value of being prepared, know that the last minute is too late. They are busy setting up the framework now for the proper celebration of the day when it comes.

The Post has drafted a detailed Resolution setting out its convictions about the proper celebration and sketching plans to make the ideal reality. The Resolution is being sent to State and National Headquarters, with the request that American Legion Posts everywhere undertake similar planning.

The proper celebration, the Resolution avers:

... is one that should be not only joyous, but should be one in part of a solemn nature, thanking Almighty God for the victory brought to the American people through His grace.

With these principles stated, the Legion Post goes on to definite suggestions. These include:

a) The immediate illumination of all the churches, that people may repair there at once for a thanksgiving service of at least thirty minutes.

b) The planning of church services by all the religious bodies; and the planning of a civic celebration, with prominent citizens speaking on the occasion.

c) A request for a voluntary three-day closing of places dispensing liquor—"to the end that our boys who will still be overseas may not be insulted by having their people at home celebrate this occasion by an over-indulgence of intoxicating liquor."

d) A reminder that we, who have stayed at home, should feel a deep sense of gratitude and responsibility to the men and women whose labors and sacrifices have bought us victory.

The Legion Post at Amarillo deserves nothing but the highest commendation for this far-sighted and thoroughly patriotic program. There is no hint of any attempt to suppress the joyousness and high spirits that must arise from the fact of victory. We are only asked to remember that victory has been won through the blood of our fellow-Americans and has been granted to us through God's grace.

LITERATURE AND ART

MEETING THE JESUITS

KATHERINE BURTON

ONE day last summer on a visit to the little town near Cleveland where most of my youth was spent, I went up to the attic to look at some of the things stored there. It is a very well-filled attic, for my family spent almost forty years there and my mother has never been known to throw anything away.

I found some amusing prehistoric relics in a small doll's trunk—a slate with the tattered red felt still rimming it, old spelling lessons written in my own Spencerian hand, problems in arithmetic. The spelling and arithmetic papers all bore gold stars, which forces me to the conclusion that I threw away all the imperfect ones—or else my mother did. But then, that is what one does with memories, so why should not one deal so with spelling papers too? One bit of arithmetic was very interesting—a problem evidently about what to do with an income of eighteen hundred dollars. It was thus spent by theoretical me:

\$360.....	Provisions
300.....	Rent
150.....	Clothing
100.....	Books
90.....	Incidentals

This, you can see amounts to one thousand dollars. The other eight hundred I had put down as savings. All this, however, was when I was ten years old and long before income-tax days. Perhaps the items are not fairly apportioned either. But after all, for a ten-year-old to put down one hundred dollars for books does show something. Three hundred for bread and one hundred to feed the soul! A nice division which must have pleased my teacher, too, for there is a gold star atop this problem.

At the bottom of the trunk were a lot of old toys—blocks so worn that they looked twelve-sided instead of six, laboriously-made doll's clothing, parts of a tin tea-set, a broken music-box brought me from Nüremberg and, at the very bottom of it all, a little wooden baking-board and a rolling-pin. The woman with me laughed to think so common a thing should have been kept so long and asked wherever did they come from.

For a few minutes I could not remember. Back in my mind uncertain recollection was stirring, but it took a while to bring it up to the conscious. Then suddenly, full memory came to me. I must have been all of six years old, and this little bakery set was my first introduction to the Jesuits!

That may sound like a foolish statement, but it

is a fact. Only in that faraway day I had never heard of the Jesuits nor did I know who they were or why they were.

My family was still living at that time in the very heart of the west side of Cleveland, and the neighborhood was changing rapidly from a pleasant part of town to one of trade and factories. My father's family had been born and brought up in the neighborhood and were loth to leave.

There were exactly three reasons why I did not want to go. One was because a certain little boy who lived near by taunted me continually because I could not spell locomotive. It was true: I could not spell it, but I was learning, and I wanted to stay there until I could recite it correctly to his derisive face. The second reason was that there was a fascinating family living in the alley back of our street. They had a washing-machine which stood all day in their kitchen, splashing merrily. They were very kind to me and even let me turn the paddles sometimes, and they never minded when suds spattered the floor. They had copies of a wonderful magazine with a pink cover, called the *Gentlewoman's Favorite Magazine*, and it was certainly mine, too. The reading matter was beyond me, but the pictures were enough—tall, elegant men, and proud children playing croquet, and ladies with long skirts and bunches of more clothing on their back—the kind my aunt and mother had in the attic, and hats with floating plumes. The washing-machine family kept them in a big pile in one corner of the kitchen and you could pull one out anywhere and just start looking to your heart's content.

The third reason I wanted to stay was because of the bazaars which the Catholic Church held several times a year and which I was now attending for the second year, and because of the flags spelling the weather which swung to the breeze from a stone house next to the church.

The flags were various, and every day I studied them from our window. At first I had the idea they ran themselves up there every day. A facetious uncle had told me that this was the way the Lord told all good children what the weather for the day would be. He told me, but seriously, what the flags meant, too—the white with the black center, the blue one with the white center, the vari-colored, the black, the all-white, the three-cornered one—and every morning before breakfast I looked to see what weather the Lord had picked for the day. The flags were always right, too, which made me even surer the Lord did have a hand in the matter.

One day I was walking down a street near our house, but new to me, and I came to a big fence of iron and, peering in, saw with excitement my weather flags floating from the top of a pole in

the yard. As I stood staring, a tall black figure came to the pole, an alarming figure, with skirts billowing in the wind. He had a beard, so I knew it was a man, and I stood staring until he turned toward me—and then I fled in alarm.

Somehow I never connected the Catholic church—in whose basement the wonderful bazaars were held—with this black-clad man. The word Catholic meant almost nothing to me anyway. My family was nominally Lutheran and the church to which we occasionally went was extremely uninteresting. I remember only one thing about it. Someone had said in my hearing that the minister was a brother of the man who discovered the X-ray—a word which fascinated me. I used to watch, during the long sermon, the great dove painted on the front of the pulpit, and I thought this must be the ray his brother had made. It was not, as I look back, much in the way of a religious education, but at that it would furnish material for a sermon.

When I went to the bazaar, with my money in my small black pocket-book, I was warned never to go upstairs into the church. After all, we were Lutherans, my mother said, and it wouldn't be right. I never did go into the church, for I was not a very curious child about things I was told not to look at, so I missed what so many grown-ups experience as children: entering a Catholic church with some other child or a nurse. A love of tea and a love of a church with statues and pictures in it are the things many children learn from Irish nurses. Mine did. My three-year-old came home one day after his first visit at a Presbyterian Sunday school and said very plainly he did not like it: "No pictures, no dark," he said succinctly. "I like Mamie's church."

The bazaar was always wonderful. Crowds of people were talking and laughing and having a fine time. Wheels were spinning and people were winning things on them—hams and bedspreads and boxes of candy and something called a "basket of joy" which had bottles sticking out of it. I had my own system about the bazaar. First I bought a paddle for ten cents, one with five numbers painted on it in white. Then I went to the wheel of fortune and waited until someone spun it and a number was announced. If I was unlucky, I turned in my paddle and went on to something else. However, I was a lucky child and several times came home to my mother with real booty—once a set of knives and forks with green handles and once a set of six kitchen towels. ("And I must say," said my mother, "that what you get at the Catholic Church bazaar is good and it wears.") She was right, but she did not realize her small daughter was one day going to get a much greater prize from that Church, and it is a good one, too, and wears well.

Next I had a dish of ice-cream—real china plates in those days, too, with a real tin spoon, and none of these wooden ones that set one's teeth on edge. There were no paper napkins, but there was always a good soul or two around to watch out for the small ones and wipe faces and hands if necessary. It was that kind of a bazaar.

Then I visited the candy counter and that was

another fine place. Fudge was my special dish—four big pieces for a nickel, expensive but worth it. When I took a nickel's worth home to my mother she was surprised to find it was so rich and cost so little. ("I must say they never cheat you in that place, do they?")

Last of all, and with all the money I had left to be used for one purpose, I went over to the fishpond, which of course had been the one thing I had been leading up to all the time. Ah, there was a place—secrecy, surprise, thrills, all the delightful emotions were called forth here. It was a big round affair, swathed in crepe paper artfully curled at the edges, so that the whole thing looked like a big flower. In the middle—and the whole thing was low enough for even a small child to peer in—were packages, hundreds of them, all wrapped up. There were all sorts of shapes and all sorts of sizes and in all kinds of boxes and papers. You paid a nickel and you were given a pole with a string and a hook on one end. And then you fished. There was only one rule: if you hooked something, even inadvertently, you had to take it.

I had my eye on a certain package and I dropped my line with care, trying to hook it. Not being very skilful nor tall enough for a good stance, I hooked the next package and disappointedly drew it up, as per the rule. The girl with me promptly tried for the one I had wanted and got it. She opened hers first, and what had looked like a wonderful affair when wrapped was not much when I saw it—just a dish-towel with a plate and cup on it in red outline stitch, a kind of sewing which I knew all about myself and did not consider anything to waste a nickel on.

When I opened mine it was a card-board box, brown and flimsy. The box, opened, held five objects. Resting on a wooden baking-board were a tiny wooden cup, a rolling-pin, a wooden plate and a wooden spoon. The other girl promptly offered to trade, arguing, with a certain logic, that I had wanted her package at first and so she might have won mine, whereas I had really wanted hers. But I was adamant. I had fallen in love with my fishpond prize at sight.

All this I remembered. But for long, long years I had never thought about the wooden set again until that day we found it in the attic. The spoon was gone, and the cup, but the baking-board and the rolling-pin are still good as ever. As my mother said, the Catholics had things that last.

She was more right than she knew. I have learned that. But only very recently I learned that it was Carroll University which had hoisted my weather flags for me and that it was the Jesuits who told me every day what the weather was going to be—and after all, I was right: they did get the information from the Lord, for matters of science come from Him as well as matters of faith. But best of all, it was the bazaar in the basement of their church which yielded me some of the pleasantest of my early memories. And I can show you the little board and the pin to prove that, as my mother admiringly said, Catholic things are strong and they last.

QUATRAINS

This the unhealthy shadow-time
Between two seasons—like a ghost
I move among my quartered rhymes,
No better and no worse than most.

Who will divide this dark in me?
Distil a clean and diamond light—
Not dusk nor dawn—Who'll mark in me
The edge of day, or rim of night?

Who will disclose the whole or part,
The true or false, the good or bad,
Dislodge the doubt, insure the heart?
Who will restore the peace I had?

For in my flesh dark steel is bared,
My spirit takes the stroke and thrust
Of God: nor sense nor sight is spared.
The eye is mist, the mind is dust.

In this penumbral blur of things
The soul, pale lover, keeps dark tryst
With Love—and dumb with wondering
Searches the shade for Shade of Christ.

Christ be the patience and the pain,
The troubled tear and trembling laughter
Upon my mouth, and in my brain
Christ the sweet thought to think hereafter.

O Christ the draftsman, Christ the plan
Deliberate, divinely drawn,
Be wrought upon this soul of man,
Be dawn and something more than dawn!

Sweet Christ, the day and dawning of
All days! Dear Christ, the tryst and trust!
Mark me thy own. O Christ, O Love,
Bend down and write upon the dust!

KEVIN SULLIVAN

GATHER WHITE LILIES

Gather white lilies,
Drop them on the stone
Before the gray tomb.
He will be gone.

Today the crown
Laid upon His head
Was broken from roses.
It was so red.

Gather red flowers—
Roses, drop them there
And let their fragrance
Blow on the air,

Down the long street
Where the Son of Man goes
With the wind-blown lily
And the blood-red rose.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

ULLABY FOR THE BURIED CHRIST

The moon is dark tonight, my Love;
The stars half-dimmed.
No lights on earth and none above
To mourn with me.

But sleep, my Darling, sleep, and oh remember
How angels sang for You that dear December.

You lie so quietly alone;
But sleep, my Love—
You have no thought of granite stone
Upon Your Heart.

Upon Your Heart the stone, the night:
Within my heart
The sword. But sleep, my Son, delight
In pain's surcease.

Oh sleep, Beloved, sleep; and yet, remember
How angels sang for You that far December.

How long ago, oh God, how long
Since He once lay
Upon my breast and angel-song
Hushed Him to sleep.

But now, He sleeps; He sleeps indeed.
No angel's hand
Upon His brow; no one to heed
Unspoken wish.

Yet, sleep, my Darling, sleep; in death remember
How angels sang for You that first December.

Sleep, sleep quietly now;
The past is dark with sin
But there upon Your Brow
The wounds of victory shine.
All shall be gathered in
Like dearly purchased flowers:
They shall be Yours and mine—
The sinner and the saint—
For Calvary makes them Ours.

Then sleep, my Christus, sleep!
The earth must rest awhile
Before You free its heart
With splendor of Your risen smile.

SISTER MARY GUSTAVE

RAINBOWS

To clear your heart of sorrow,
And cure your soul of ill,
There's nothing like a rainbow
Over a wet green hill.

The great wide-arching rainbow
That stands athwart the skies
Drives clouds from any heaven,
Tears from our dazzled eyes.

But the little lawn-hose rainbow
With feet two yards apart
Turns tears to colored laughter,
Drives sorrow from the heart.

KENTON KILMER

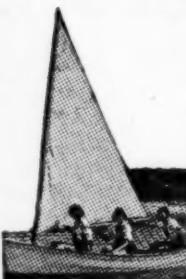
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BOOKS

SAINT FRANCIS AND STIGMATISM

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK. By Zofia Kossak. Roy Publishers. \$3

THE OUTNUMBERED. By Catherine Hutter. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.75

TWO more examples of the present remarkable trend toward religious-themed novels fall to our examination here. Let it be said at the outset that the first is the better book, though neither of them approaches the stature of the fountain-head of this current tide, the immortal *Song of Bernadette*.

The first novel is a most ambitious attempt. Purporting to be a novel "about Saint Francis of Assisi," it encompasses in its sweep the Papacy of the early thirteenth century, the tragic Children's Crusade, the Fifth Crusade of 1217, the rise and spread of the Franciscans, dissensions within the Order, the need of reform on Francis' return from the Holy Land. Running throughout, and supplying the romantic element, is the illicit love of Jean de Brienne, later to be elected King of Jerusalem, for Blanche, Countess of Champagne. This liaison is ingeniously, and never suggestively, worked in to explain the failure of the Crusade, and from its tragic ending de Brienne learns the subtle and unsuspected ways by which a man's sin may inundate a world that apparently lies far beyond the waves of his individual passion.

This broad sweep of political, military, religious events calls for a master hand, and it is not too much of a left-handed compliment to say that the author just misses the heights. For one thing, despite the vast research that must have gone into the book, some historical details are distorted toward melodrama—for example, the Children's Crusade; there is little evidence that it was a calculated scheme to lure the children into slavery, though many of them did meet that horrid fate. Again, though hundreds of characters throng the scene, few have the contours of live people; perhaps the most vivid is the one who is supposed to be the least colorful, Marie, de Brienne's young wife. It is an instructive study to note how Werfel's book, through superb characterization, gives a much more intimate "feel" for the times than does this explicitly historical panorama.

On the religious side, the book is happier. The simplicity (and, thank God, what so many humanitarian admirers of Saint Francis miss, his strong devotion to the Holy See) of the Saint is rather charming, though I do feel that he is made too utterly childish in his naivety. But he is treated reverently and understandingly; the ecclesiastical abuses of the time are touched frankly, but without exaggeration. After all, it was a turbulent time, and it takes really superb art to write clearly about confusion.

The book is well worth reading. If it is not great in the tradition of the great historical novels (for one thing, its battle scenes are not those of Sienkiewicz or Scott), it is a brave effort to capture the spirit of Christian simplicity that did, with Saint Francis, breathe new devotion to Our Lord into the Faith of the West.

Miss Hutter's opus falls far short of these excellences. First of all, it attempts to wed two themes that require expert welding to fuse the seams. How weave in the story of Teresa of Konnersreuth, the stigmatic, with an anti-Nazi tale? For this she attempts to do. Accordingly, we have the little orphaned Jewish girl, raised as a servant in a hospital run by a converted Jew; her church allegiance becomes the battle-ground for the doctor's narrowly Catholic wife and the Presbyterian deaconess head-nurse. When Feghe, the girl, at last embraces Catholicism, it is a strange emotional type, rather than a sound faith. The "miracle" of the appearance of Our Lord's wounds on her body is occasioned by the irruption of a

gang of Nazi youth; when it seems that she will be assaulted or murdered, God steps in and saves her. She becomes a legend and a source of trouble for the Nazis, who consent to have her emigrate to England with her English friend, Seymour.

The theme, I suppose, is that the spirit of faith can defeat brute and anti-religious force. But the theme is long in taking shape and, when it does, it is not at all convincing. The denouement is on the distasteful side and, throughout the book, sex elements are dragged in for no good reason. Furthermore, though we believe that God has care of the sparrows of the air and the hairs of our head (that nothing is too little for His Fatherly love), still, one of the essential marks of a miracle is its apologetic value—that it show some definite link with the truth of Christ's Church. There is no such connection here; Feghe is saved, frankly, because she is terrified, and the "scientific" explanation of the doctor seems much nearer the truth than that a miracle was vouchsafed her.

The Catholicism of the Austrian peasants seems a shoddy affair, with none of the warmth and simple goodness that many of us have experienced among them. In short, Miss Hutter has attempted a delicate theme for which she seems to have little real appreciation and insight. Try the book, but don't expect any spiritual experience from it. One test of the genuineness of these religious novels is whether they bring you closer, not merely to the human characters, but to God and Our Lady and the Saints. I feel that no one can read the *Song of Bernadette* without a deepened devotion to Our Lady. *Blessed Are the Meek* will bring you a little closer to knowing Saint Francis; *The Outnumbered*, if anything, brings you closer only to the deaconess nurse. Such a result betrays the book's spiritual weakness.

HAROLD C. GARDINER.

GREAT LAKE EPIC

LAKE HURON. By Fred Landon. American Lakes Series. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

THE most devoted admirers of Homer will permit you to omit the "catalog of the ships," as drab, monotonous and uninteresting. In Fred Landon's *Lake Huron*, which is prose with epic proportions, there is another "catalog of ships," a listing of the most famous vessels that have plied Lake Huron's roadways, from Champlain's small canoe of 1615, to the throbbing things of steel, 640 feet long, in 1944. By no means should you skip Professor Landon's "catalog," for he has invested even so colorless a thing with a truly human interest.

Indeed, no warning against skip-reading in this first volume in the *American Lakes Series* is necessary. Interest never flags, for Professor Landon is not only expertly informed on his subject, but he has the accomplishments of a gifted stylist in English prose. This author has set his colleagues in the *American Lake Series* the highest of standards. If such quality can be sustained, these *Lakes* volumes will emulate and even surpass the *Rivers of America Series*.

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to threaten his very life. It was not an easy task to select from the vast material over which Professor Landon has such wealthy command; nor was it easy to marshal the selections as clearly, as devoid of repetition, as engagingly as this author has done, with success.

The halftone illustrations (30) are very good. The endpaper maps are not so good; in another edition the first-class maps which so distinguished a book deserves should be introduced.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND

WHEN SCHOOLS WENT GODLESS

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT ON THE CATHOLIC THEORY OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN FRANCE, 1750-1850. By Clarence Edward Elwell. Harvard University Press. \$3.50

FEW battles in the sanguinary history of education have had consequences so momentous for today and tomorrow as the attack on tradition by rationalism, naturalism and nationalism in France. The revolutionaries won their major objectives, so far as eye could see. The question remains whether time has reversed the judgment of arms, whether we now want religious education to be more nearly what it was before Rousseau. It is a question that must be answered if we are not to fumble an exceptional chance, after the war, to correct some faults in American schools on which educators of every stamp have come to agree.

Is religion no more than morality, or than individual experience? Is it to be taught in the schools? If so, shall it be looked on as superior to other subjects? Shall the State assist the Church in her program of religious education, or assume full control? Should religious education be postponed until after adolescence? Is there room in it for both reason and traditional authority? With clear-cut questions like these, Father Elwell draws the line along which Montesquieu and the dilettante Helvétius opened the assault, and the artillery of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, J. A. Condorcet and La Chalais drove to apparent victory against belated and at times clumsy counter-attacks by Bergier, Gerdil, Gérard, Berthier, Chateaubriand and others, down to the achievement of a tolerable peace by Dupanloup.

The purpose of history is to repeat itself, so that we may learn by past mistakes. It is good to be invited at this time to think through that long campaign and draw apt conclusions on principles, methods and content. Fair-minded non-Catholics are likely to agree with Napoleon who, after observing the product of godless education at work for ten years, had "had enough of that fellow. And that's the man you would turn out of my schools? No, no . . ." (p. 144). Catholics will be impressed by the fact that, in all the shifting and confusion, our fundamental principles stood clear and firm, but also by sorry factors that prepared the triumph of revolution: weariness with dogma owing to the Jansenist controversies and to overemphasis on authority; lessening esteem for the Sacraments, penance, and prayer; widespread reading of dangerous books, with Catholic replies too few, too late, and generally lacking in popular appeal; a liberalistic tendency in some of the clergy; failure of the home to share and of the law to support religious teaching; and absorption in the new science.

Students of religious education cannot afford to neglect this lucid, orderly summary of the evidence, by the Professor of Education in Sisters College, Cleveland. Father Elwell's twenty-two pages of bibliography are a treasure. One disappointment is the meager index. Condorcet, Bishop of Lisieux, is among the important figures in the text not listed in the index, and so a casual reader would have reason to identify him with his relative, the mathematician and revolutionary mentioned above. It is probable, too, that Father Elwell's careful study could have found wider use if he had essayed the awkward task of translating his hundreds of citations and relegating the original French, where necessary, to the notes.

WILLIAM M. DAVISH

MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Edward Lee Thorndike.
Harvard University Press. \$2.50

THIS book, like the author's *Human Nature and the Social Order*, describes man's original nature, the learning process and human relationships, as viewed from the standpoint of innate connections modified by repetition and satisfying effects. It then applies these principles of learning to the study of language, government, laws and human welfare. A human is described as the total of his S-R (Situation-Response) probabilities. Following each theoretical discussion is a novel but tentative list of suggestions for social control, involving changes in penal methods, objectives of education, more attention to the real causes of human welfare.

Psychologists will see certain veiled inconsistencies in this work which detract from its value as a whole. For instance: "confirming reactions," it is stated, may sometimes be the effect of free will; human purposes largely control what satisfies (and confirms reactions) but environment determines most of our purposes, so that the confirming reaction—just as natural a biological fact as pleasure or pain—will some day be an adequate substitute for the assumption of free choice, in regulating human behavior. Again, "genes" provide no primary responses to "ideas" which have no parallel in imaginative processes; but social behavior is caused by tendencies given by the genes and circumstances of life operating by repetition and reward. These thought-provoking assertions may or may not receive their explanation in the fact that, in the author's own words, the passion for consistency is one of the rarest.

Politicians and statesmen may read Chapters VI and VII with interest because some of their defects are connived at on the score of human weakness. Churchmen will not be shocked, we hope, as the good author himself was shocked, to learn that their organizations do not contribute enough toward human welfare and the good life as described by Thorndike. This author, among others, would be much more rewarded for his efforts if he stayed on the level of prediction of behavior from a study of uniformities. Instead, he tries to dictate the principles of the good life. He mentions, just in passing, that religion does have some effect upon prevention of homicide and illegitimate births, but does not seem to increase any salaries or give opportunities for temporal welfare. The book might be acceptable as a standard work on "connectionism" were it not for the author's tendency to generalize beyond the data and to moralize about the good life.

VINCENT HERR

SHADOWED VICTORY. By Arthur Stringer. The Bobbs Merrill Co. \$1.50

"SHADOWED VICTORY" is seventy pages of blank-verse narrative broken at chapter headings by short lyrics. It is in the prairie granary of the Canadian West, where the author is a rancher and fruit farmer, that he sets his story. Despite being regarded as a slacker, Clyde, the brawny central character of the story, held by a stubborn love of the soil, remains working his farm while Lynn, the girl he loves, goes to England with the CWACS, following Hugh, Clyde's best friend, who meets death with the Commandos at Dieppe. As a helper in his lonely labor, Clyde hires a Norwegian refugee girl, Freya; eventually marries her. The evening of the wedding day he learns that Lynn has been blinded in an air raid. When Lynn is sent home and Clyde sees her, they talk awkwardly about the weather. Occasionally the verse approaches the slovenly and at times bulges with derivative metaphors, but the story is unpretentious, and the unresolved tragedy plain.

EDWIN CUFFE, S.J.

WILLIAM M. DAVISH, former professor at Saint Joseph High School, Philadelphia, is studying Theology at Woodstock.

VINCENT HERR obtained his Ph.D. in psychology at Bonn University in 1939.

EDWIN CUFFE taught literature before his present theological studies at Woodstock.

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FOUR JUST MEN

Probably no greater Scripture scholar has written in English than the late Abbot of Downside, the Benedictine Dom John Chapman. It was pleasant, five years after his death, to find among his papers a manuscript in which all that massive scholarship lets itself play lightheartedly upon the four men who head the best-sellers of all the world. It was a little jewel of a manuscript; as prepared for press by one of his fellow Benedictines, it makes a little jewel of a book.

Really one should read it—now, especially when the liturgical movement is turning for its own completion into the scriptural movement. The four men who wrote the Gospels have always been names, but have largely ceased to be personalities. Even the names suffered some eclipse. I wonder if children still pray

"Matthew Mark Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on."

(Remember Chesterton's query whether the higher critic, having jettisoned St. John, sleeps on a three-cornered bed.) Anyhow, it helps us to read the Gospels if we are aware of the four very different men who wrote them. There is a natural temptation for the mind to leap over the first three and settle upon John, who received the greatest compliment ever paid by Our Lord to a man. But if we do, we shall miss three very interesting personalities.

There was Matthew, the Inland Revenue official. He was actually sitting at his desk receiving revenue: Our Lord came up to the desk and said "Follow me": and he did. The raising of Lazarus from the dead is hardly so surprising.

Then there is Mark: Was he the young man who, when Our Lord was arrested in the garden, ran away so fast that he left his garment in the hands of a soldier and scurried to safety naked? At any rate he did desert Paul and Barnabas on one of their missionary journeys and so caused a "dissension" between those two (Scripture calls it a "paroxysm"). And he became secretary to St. Peter, who had done some deserting himself. Anyhow, both of them got over the deserting habit, for both were martyred. Mark's Gospel is really St. Peter's: and once you know that, you can see it (Dom John Chapman aiding you) by the continual writing down of Peter in it.

We have run out of space for St. Luke the physician; but this is a misfortune he will understand, for he wrote the longest book of the New Testament and might have made it longer only that he had reached the limit of a roll of commerce and the publishers and booksellers would not have liked any more.

But, anyhow, you can read it all in Dom John Chapman's book: what we know of the four men, how we know they wrote these four books, what they owed to one another in the writing, how the wind has blown away the nineteenth century frenzy which denied that the Gospels were by Our Lord's contemporaries. It is the gayest of books: and the gaiety has that last fine edge which comes from perfect precision. (\$1.25)—FJS

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MRS. JANUARY AND MR. EX. The return of Billie Burke and Frank Craven to the New York stage was a deeply interesting event to theatre lovers. Each is an old-time favorite who has been away from us too long. Their announced joint appearance added to the thrill of their return. The sole disappointment was their play; and for that I have my own explanation. *Mrs. January and Mr. Ex*, produced by Richard Myers at the Belasco Theatre, had too many cooks. They spoiled what I am sure was a nice theatrical broth.

Miss Zoë Akins has written too many good plays to turn out an offering as weak as this new one. At some point one of those little groups of pests who tinker with plays got hold of her script. The motto of this ghoulish clan is familiar to every playwright. "Plays are not written. They're rewritten." I don't know what fool said it first, but it lives on the lips of every adapter and it has destroyed thousands of good plays.

There are many times when changes can help a play. In these instances the playwright should be consulted first, and he should in turn consult other playwrights—leaders in his craft—if help and advice are needed. That condition will come some day. But to return to *Mrs. January and Mr. Ex*.

I must testify first that the leading roles are beautifully acted by its two stars. This tribute to a play that has little or no action is impressive in itself. Billie Burke has never been more bewitching in her art and, incredibly, she is still as lovely as she was in her first years on the stage. When she retires she can earn another fortune by teaching women her secret of youth.

Mr. Craven is as usual Mr. Craven—in this instance a fine actor magically transformed for a few hours into another silent man who gets out of his role much more than the adapters left in it. The plot, if there is one, had to do with a feather-brained millionairess (Miss Burke) who has "gone Communistic," has trained her three children in the way she thinks will prepare them for coming changes in America by making them unendurable to any associates, and in retiring to a forty-dollar-a-month house in the country to prepare for the new life. All this before the play begins. Her landlord (Mr. Craven), strangely like ex-President Calvin Coolidge in manner, lives his bachelor life in another part of the house.

They immediately foregather, and the play starts. Mrs. January has been married three times, but is willing to try matrimony again, probably because of the ex-President's smile, which is an extremely nice one. Later he is renominated for the Presidency. (We are told of this, and about all the rest of the action.) He decides that a Communistic wife would not be accepted by his public. He suggests postponing the marriage till his term ends. But the lady, suddenly and unexpectedly conscious of present history, suggests that this may mean a delay of twelve years or more. This gets the one big laugh of the play.

Then, to give us a happy ending, we learn that the Republican party has been aware of her Communistic leanings, and has decided that they will lend strength to the ticket! Her children, who have deserted her, rush back to get into the procession to the White House, and the curtain falls.

There are a few other actors and actresses in the play, which was directed by Elliott Nugent and Arthur Sircum. Barbara Bel Geddes is convincing as the young daughter, and Bobby Perez and Henry Barnard are sufficiently repellent as her brothers. Nicholas Joy is the brother of the widowed heroine, and Susanna Gannett is a satisfactory helper when all the servants have left. But the play, I darkly suspect, will also leave soon.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE WHITE CLIFFS. Alice Duer Miller's delicate and memorable poem has been the inspiration for a superb motion picture. There is tragedy as well as the joy of loving and being loved in this saga of an American woman who forsakes her homeland and finds happiness in, and eventually devotion to, an adopted home, England. By means of flashbacks, the film records the heroine's life from 1914, when she makes a vacation trip to Europe, down through the Dieppe raid in the current war. Her sudden marriage to a titled Britisher, with his death in World War I, her premonition that another conflict will claim her son, and the realization of these fears when he is brought back a mortally wounded casualty of the commando raid, all provide emotion-stirring drama of the most distinguished variety. Giving form and color to this sketchy framework is an abundance of rich material. There are sensitive and charming romantic bits, hilarious moments of fun which spring from patriotic egotism, and a never too-obvious, but deftly-handled attempt to secure a better understanding between the two peoples involved. Irene Dunne gives an unforgettable performance as the American heroine, with Alan Marshall a worthy choice as her husband. As always, Roddy McDowall scores in the role of the son during his childhood days, while Peter Lawford plays the youth in later years. Frank Morgan and C. Aubrey Smith are ideal choices for the comedy built around arrogant nationalism. Director Clarence Brown merits praise for his contributions to this superlative offering. Though the futility and horror of war provide the fundamental prop in the theme, the actual progress of war is almost negligible in the action. Audiences will be swept along with the human elements of the tale and uplifted by soul-stirring experiences. Here is a magnificent picture, one that rates with the artistic achievements of any season and something to captivate all the members of the family. (MGM)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW. If you are one of those persons who cherish a desire to know the future, this story will help to prove that the potentialities are not what they may seem. For in this fantastic chronicle of a cub reporter, his knowledge of events to come gets him into numerous suspicious and complicated situations that culminate in disaster when he reads in a paper, dated the next day, his own obituary. Now none of this is serious stuff, and the whole thing is done with a broad comedy hand, for René Clair has had a field-day in playing hide-and-seek with reality in his direction. Dick Powell is cast as the young newspaperman whose wish to see tomorrow's paper is granted by a veteran associate who returns from the grave to oblige. Linda Darnell and Jack Oakie assist in the farcical goings-on. This is not exceptional entertainment, but it does provide a passable portion of novelty for adults who want to be amused. (United Artists)

UNCERTAIN GLORY. Another offering that takes root in the war sets out to prove that the end justifies the means, and to put a halo of glory around the head of a criminal who would have lost it to the guillotine but for a fluke of fate. Errol Flynn is the hero of this ineffectual piece fabricated around a murderer who proves an unregenerated scamp, without any decent principles, until the fadeout when he sees some kind of light and by lying gives himself up to the Nazis, pretending to be a wanted saboteur, to save the lives of 100 hostages. Paul Lukas has a thankless role as a detective of the French police who abets the criminal in his lie. This must be rated *objectionable*, for it approvingly presents the deceptions in the story and the virtual suicide of the main character. (Warner Brothers) MARY SHERIDAN

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APPEARING during the week were reports calculated to prove of considerable interest to human and other forms of life. . . . Dauntlessly contradicting a widespread current belief, an official of the American Veterinary Medical Association seriously questioned whether liddle lammzy divy. Admitting that mairzy doats, conceding that very probably in certain circumstances doezy doats, he nevertheless declared it is by no means an established scientific fact that lammzy divy. . . . As this dispute got under way, it was ascertained beyond cavil in Wyoming that liddle goatzy dauto plates, a car owner there having discovered a small goat munching on his 1944 plywood license cards. . . . Tax returns developed dramas. . . . A Tennessee paper carried the following advertisement: "If the person who stole my coat will look in the inside pocket of the coat and mail my completed income-tax return and attached check to the Collector of Internal Revenue, he can come back and I will give him the vest and pants, and no questions asked."

The glamor inherent in certain words was demonstrated. . . . A city council advertised for a rat-catcher at a salary of twenty dollars a week; received no answer. The council then advertised for a rodent operative at eighteen dollars a week; got a response from a man, hired him. . . . Furious snoring robbed an Illinois youth of tenure in the Army. His snoring was so terrific it kept his buddies awake. The Army housed him in a private room but his snores still resounded through the barracks and eventually blew him back into civilian life. . . . Strict obedience to orders was observed. . . . A sergeant, after being decorated in the African theatre, was furloughed, told to await orders at his mother's New Jersey home. He waited for thirteen months. The Army finally informed the mother it did not know where her son was. She replied she knew. The sergeant is now on his way back to active duty. . . . Surprises were reported. . . . In upper New York State, the loud racket made by the parking of a tractor in his driveway awakened a farmer. The tractor-driver, dressed in a tuxedo, explained he was on his way to a nearby dance. . . . An Idaho policeman approached an automobile involved in a collision, demanded: "Let's see your driver's license, lady." The driver replied: "I'm sorry, officer, but I left my pants at home." The motorist was a man returning home from a masquerade. . . . Shortly after losing his wallet containing eighty dollars, an Omaha citizen received a telephone call from the finder, who wanted to know what reward would be given for the wallet's return. The citizen told the caller to name his own reward. The finder kept the eighty dollars, returned the wallet.

Sociological studies continued. . . . A survey of 40,000 dry-cleaning establishments revealed a sharp decline in the number of gravy stains throughout the nation. 1941 saw the greatest concentration of gravy spots in American history—4,500,000. Last year, the production of gravy stains fell to 250,000. . . . Spinach, tomato and other vegetable stains showed a substantial increase in 1943. . . . The present trend toward fewer and fewer gravy stains will continue, social students predict, until the beginning of the postwar world when the gravy-stain curve will commence to shoot sharply upward. . . . One wonders how many spiritual stains—venial sins—were produced in the United States during 1943. . . . How many mortal sins. . . . Statistics are not now available. . . . But the statistics exist. . . . It is already marked down in the Big Book how many venial sins, how many mortal sins, were produced in the nation and in the world during 1943.

JOHN A. TOOHEY

CORRESPONDENCE

WAR BONDS AND CATHOLIC PRESS

EDITOR: Enclosed is a twenty-five-dollar War Bond for the support of the Catholic Press. After reading the article in AMERICA (Feb. 5) by Auleen Eberhardt suggesting that War Bonds be sent to Catholic magazines, we realized that if we followed the suggestion we would be helping the Bond drive and the Catholic Press. The money used was the proceeds from a school dance, and we think the money could be spent in no better way.

The girls of Junior "A" and Sister Mary Roberta hope we have in a small way helped the Catholic Press.

Malden, Mass.

MADELINE GARRITY

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

EDITOR: AMERICA's comment (March 25) on the Wagner-Murray-Dingle bill, to make medical services available to nearly everybody, seems to over-simplify the issue. The conditions which the bill seeks to correct are essentially by-products of a faulty economic system. The medical profession is not especially qualified to cure such ills, and should not be penalized for failure to do so.

In prosperous times morbidity rates usually drop. This is attributed to better diets, less financial worries, etc. Hence the primary problem is to prevent illness by adjusting the economic system to provide maximum employment at maximum wages. If that problem is solved, private charity could cope with the relatively few whose friends and relatives could not help them obtain care. If the primary problem is not solved, the nation seems likely to drift into Nazi paternalism, which makes its subjects prudent by compulsion and charitable by law.

The proposal, vitally affecting the status of the medical profession, comes without grace at a time when so many doctors are with the armed forces that those remaining at home are too overworked to find time to defend the reputation and freedom of their profession.

New York, N. Y.

HENRY V. MORAN

TEACHERS AND V-12

EDITOR: The letter of R. H. in your March 18 issue is provocative, to say the least. Let's examine this letter a little bit. Maybe the young man has something there. First of all, his frank profession of paganism and lack of faith is so naive as to excite the suspicion that he is not really so thoroughgoing a pagan as he represents himself, but that on the contrary he has lots of religious thoughts and that he is irritated because none of the Fathers at the College to which he was sent "with 299 other soldiers" bothered enough about him and other fellows like him to bring these thoughts out in the open and to provide the spiritual guidance for which they are starving.

He says further: "There are only a few Fathers who are willing to go out of their way to speak with the men." And there, in my opinion, he has cut deep into the heart of a situation about which not enough Catholic educators are disturbed—or so it seems to me.

I have been a Religious for close to twenty-five years and a priest for twelve, and have had plenty of opportunity to observe. It has been my observation that too, too many priests and Religious are utterly out of contact with the things that are of real interest to their students, and are about as appealing to these students

as so many top sergeants or policemen. The result? The students, like the soldiers in R. H.'s letter, are for the most part polite and often even friendly, and the professors retire to their chambers quite complacent about their "influence," while the students go their own sweet ways, thinking their own thoughts, almost entirely uninfluenced by the these good, learned, dignified men of God.

Of course there are notable exceptions—men who love youth with a Christlike love, who consider nothing a trouble if it will help to induce these students to confide in them less hesitatingly and to trust them utterly, because they have achieved that miracle of miracles, an appreciation of the students' viewpoint. But such men, believe it or not, may have a battle on their hands with the other members of the faculty, who resent their success in a field in which many of them have never trod.

I would feel less sure of my position were it not for the fact that that supreme guide and director of youth, Father Daniel Lord, S.J., published some six years ago a little book called *Some Notes on the Guidance of Youth*. In this meaty little volume Father Lord brings out in no uncertain terms this whole problem—namely, that too, too many priests and Religious are "missing the boat," because they do not have contacts with their students.

Address withheld

SACERDOS

MIRROR UP TO NATURE

EDITOR: In an age of propaganda movies and plays we find it difficult to remember that there was a time when many dramatists looked on themselves as entertainers, reporters and chroniclers only—not as philosophers or teachers. The minority critics who are given somewhat garbled utterance in Mr. O'Neill's *The People vs. the Bard* make the mistake—begun perhaps by Dr. Johnson—of looking on Shakespeare as an *original* thinker, and of looking into his plays for *original* thought. To Shakespeare, plays were records of things done and things thought. The analyses of man's conduct, private and social, simply record the view of the chronicler from whom the play was lifted, or the prevalent English Renaissance concept of men, of rulers, of classes, of rights and duties. Shakespeare's astonishing originality is purely rhetorical and theatrical, not philosophical—especially not ethical.

If recent scholarship has proved anything, it has proved that Shakespeare's attitude toward his work was highly impersonal, that his genius lay in putting life into the works and thought that were a tradition of his time. Quarrel with the philosophy of Shakespeare's age, quarrel with his contradictions, quarrel with his *not being* a philosopher; but don't quarrel with his philosophy any more than you would quarrel with a mirror for its reflections.

If Mr. O'Neill wants an adversary instead of a windmill, he should take on Ben Johnson. Now there was a man whose views were his own, and who wrote philosophy and propaganda. Perhaps that's why he was less successful dramatically than Shakespeare.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN STEBBINS

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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THE WORD

WHITE SUNDAY is the official name which the Church gives to the first Sunday after Easter. On Holy Saturday new converts were baptized and for a week after their Baptism they went about dressed in white robes. On the Sunday after Easter they wore these white robes for the last time, and then put on their workaday garments.

That custom no longer prevails, but the Mass of White Sunday remains in a special way a Mass dedicated to the memory of our Baptism. In olden days it served to make the meaning of Baptism indelibly clear to the newly converted. Today it can well remind all of us of the great gift we received in our Baptism and the obligations we then undertook or that were undertaken for us. In many ways the day of our Baptism is really the greatest day of our lives, yet few of us could tell offhand the date of our Baptism; and few parents give prominence to the anniversary of their children's Baptism by a special feast.

In the Baptismal ceremony, the priest asks: "What do you ask of the Church of God?" The sponsor answers: "Faith." Then the priest goes on: "What does Faith bring you to?" And the sponsor answers: "Life everlasting." In the Epistle for White Sunday, Saint John reminds us: "This is the victory that overcomes the world, our Faith." In the Gospel, we have our Lord's dramatic answer to Thomas' lack of faith and His very gracious blessing on our own Faith: "Bring here thy finger and feel my hands; and bring here thy hand and put it into my side; and be not unbelieving, but believing. . . . Blessed are they who have not seen, yet have believed." We have also John's final testimony before the weary old "Beloved Disciple" put aside his pen: "These things are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God, and that believing you may have life His name."

There you have the fruits of Baptism, in faith, life, life everlasting. Baptism is not merely the giving of a name to a child. It is not only the removal of the stain of original sin. It is really and truly a *christening*. The child is Christ-ed, becomes a brother or sister of Christ, becomes a child of God and, as a child of God, receives a right to Heaven and life everlasting, and all the helps in life that will be necessary to gain that everlasting life. These are not mere images of speech.

In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, while mingling water with the wine, the priest prays: "Grant that by the mystery of this water and wine we may be made sharers of His Divinity who was good enough to share our human nature." We ask nothing less than to share in the Divine Nature of Christ. We ask to share in Divinity. We ask that the life of the Holy Trinity dwell in us. We ask to be lifted above our own human nature and to be divinized.

That prayer actually was answered for us even before we were able to offer a prayer. It was answered in our Baptism, and in Mass day by day we are praying for the grace to preserve the Divine Life within us. We are praying for an ever fuller sharing of this Divine Life. Take up the Baptismal rite again, and read: "Receive this sign of the Cross on your forehead and in your heart . . . and so live that you may be the temple of God." Later in the ceremony the priest bids Satan to depart from "this child of God whom our Lord has called to His holy temple that he may become a temple of the living God, and that the Holy Spirit may dwell in him."

Such is the deep meaning of our Baptism. Its obligation is to preserve the Divine Life within us, to grow constantly in this life greater than our own that is a pure gift of God. "Like newborn infants," reads the Introit of this morning's Mass, "crave pure spiritual milk." A mother and father will really be successful parents if they can arouse in their children a craving for spiritual food as great as a baby's craving for milk. No one of us Christened ones really understands the meaning of our Christening unless we long to grow in Christ.

J. P. D.

THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR MARCH

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

Close on the heels of the ten most popular books come the following: *The Man from Rocca Sicca*—Coffey, with 12 votes; *Action This Day*—Spellman, *The Robe*—Douglas, and *The Splendor of Sorrow*—Doherty, all with 11; *The Vatican and the War*—Cianfarra, with 10. We hope to blossom forth with a revised and improved Book-Log next month.

We welcome the *Song of Bernadette* back for its second run in the Book-Log. In this, it sets still another record, and AMERICA is proud at having helped.

We have remarked before the speed with which the good books make the Book-Log. This month's example is *The Vatican and the War*. Catholic readers are apparently on their toes.



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